Week ending Dec. 5 1959

JOHN BULL

Everybody's Weekly

EVERY WEDNESDAY 5d

BEGIN IT NOW!

TRIUMPH IN THE WEST by Arthur Bryant: The book the whole world is arguing about — the sensational

Alanbrooke Diaries

Well, what's wrong with teenagers?

by TOMMY STEELE

Ronson for Christmas

Top tip, straight from the reindeer: give Ronson for the biggest 'thank you' of your life. Dozens of models to choose from, each one an out-and-out beauty. And you can buy Ronson *everywhere*. As personal as your own name, Ronson is the individual present that you can choose in minutes.

1 If he's really close to you—give him his closest shave ever. His mornings will be easier, brighter, with the Ronson Super Trim Shaver. Gives the fastest, closest shave possible. No soreness, no discomfort. Shaving perfection for **165/-**

2 For someone with everything—including a Ronson. The *new* Ronson Gas Varaflame, last word in elegant efficiency. Refuelled in 5 seconds. Fingertip flame control. From **72/6**

3 Ronson Milady, petite and elegant, tortoiseshell enamel and engraved satin chrome. **37/6**

4 Ronson Cadet, modestly priced man's lighter with embossed fine dot design. **25/-**

5 Ronson Whirlwind Imperial, for outdoor men, in satin chrome with windshield. **45/-**

6 Ronson Regency, a beautiful and elegant silver-plated table lighter. **90/-**

7 Ronson Butron Claridge gas lighter, contemporary design in contrasted polished woods. **79/6**

RONSON *world's greatest lighters and shavers*

JOHN BULL
EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY
189 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1
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The Cover

BEFORE this sturdy stripling is many pencil marks older, he'll be facing his first big household bill—for wallpaper. But after all this growing up business is hard on a chap with ambition who's bent on being head and shoulders above the rest; to him the years drag by like a school detention. But to Mother time is passing all too quickly. "Soon," says artist Harry Zelinski, "she'll be wishing her son was back in shorts because they don't wear through at the knees!"

Free Speech

JOHN BULL: EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post and in our feature "We Advise."

Back To School

IT seems dreadful to me that in our society education is still reserved almost exclusively for young people. Once the average person has left school, finished an apprenticeship or taken the preliminary qualification for his profession, he is supposed to have had his full ration of formal learning.

Family responsibilities and the understandable desire for a home life more or less put evening classes out of the question for most adults. I think that the practice of allowing a sabbatical year—unpaid leave for study—which exists in some of the higher professions, should be extended to all classes of work, with government assistance if necessary. Nobody—whether a carpenter, a clerk or a travelling salesman—should be denied the chance to improve himself.

Directly or indirectly it will make him better at his job—or perhaps lead to a better job elsewhere. Either way the whole country would benefit.—JOHN T. MASTERS, London, N.W.6.

Veldt Moon

On a calendar which I received from South Africa I noticed that the phases of the moon were depicted in the reverse to what they are in an English calendar. The waning quarters coincide with our waxing quarters.

Does this mean that the man in the moon appears upside down to South Africans?—F. FARRELL, Fulwood, Lancs.

"When we look at the moon it's to the south, but South Africans would see it to the north," says a spokesman of the London Planetarium. "Therefore, the moon is upside down to a South African, and the direction of the curves is the opposite of what we see in Britain."

Punctual Horse

Every morning I start work at 7.30. And every morning, an hour later to the minute, a horse passes my window on its way to the works canteen where it gets two rolls.

We are all baffled as to how the horse tells the time so accurately. It does not work to a routine which would help it—yet at the same time every day it stops what it is doing and makes for the canteen. Have animals a natural sense of time?—JAMES GILLAN, Stenhousemuir, Stirlingshire.

"Digestion is the horse's guide to the time for its morning rolls," says a vet. "The body works in a series of repeated cycles which are in fact a sort of natural clock, and this applies to horses as well as humans.

"A man who does manual labour can tell lunchtime because his muscles are used to a certain amount of work and then they become tired. The horse gets used to being fed each day and eventually its stomach expects food at this particular time."

What Is Wool?

In a drapery store I asked the manager why certain garments were so expensive and he told me they were made of pure wool.

But it's made me wonder. One never sees garments labelled "pure sheep's wool." "Pure wool" could be from rabbits. Are the shopkeepers trying to pull the wool

over our eyes?—THOMAS O'REILLY, Castleblayney, Co. Monaghan, Ireland.

"It is illegal to put a misleading label on goods," says the Board of Trade, "but there are no specific regulations about what is pure wool.

"However, the British Standards Institution glossary of terms says that wool is material from a sheep, lamb, alpaca, camel, lama, vicuna, angora goat or angora rabbit. As long as the garment was of pure wool from any of these animals it would be considered legally accurate."

Hands In Horror

In these days of unbridled self-expression it always seems strange to me to see every woman who is frightened or horrified clamp her hands on her mouth. Men don't seem to do this—why do women?—W. R., Wallington, Surrey.

"The different reactions of men and women to fear is deeply based on the habits of tribal man," says a psychiatrist. "Women tend to scream and at the same time to protect their faces. Men get ready to fight back, by clenching their fists."

Buttered Bumps

After bumping my forehead I find myself automatically reaching for the butter to smear some on the sore spot.

This remedy is used by many people—but only on the head.

Has it any real effect?—MRS. E. L. COOK, Church, Lane, Stoughton, Leicester.

"This use of butter is termed by many as nothing but an old wives' tale," says a doctor. "However, there may be something in it.

"The application of liquid to a bruised spot tends to reduce the temperature and thus the blood vessels are contracted, stopping the flow of blood, which causes the throbbing pain."

HOW SAFE?

An article in the October 3 issue of JOHN BULL, entitled *How Safe Are Tranquillizers?*, carried an illustration of the compound Tranquilex. It might have been wrongly assumed that this preparation was the cause of the death referred to in the first paragraph of the article. This is not the case. The Rexall Drug Company, Limited, manufacturers of Tranquilex, say that it is not a dangerous tranquillizer, although they recommend that it should be administered under medical supervision. We apologize to the manufacturers for any misunderstanding that may have arisen.

Home's On Wheels

There has been a lot of concern about caravan dwellers recently, but I have yet to meet a caravanner who wants to go back to an ordinary house. For nine months my wife and I and our six-year-old son lived on an excellent caravan site in Wiltshire.

We opened our door on to a grass verge close to a large pool and were bounded on the other side by a hedge and a turnip field. We spent part of the winter there.

The snow and frost froze our water and our bottled gas, and gales rocked us to sleep—but we have never had a house so warm or so cosy.—REV. F. W. GEAR, London, S.E.12.

Pulled Socks Off

Now the colder nights are here I have taken to wearing bedsocks. Can anyone explain why, when I

wake up in the morning, I find them neatly rolled, one inside the other, and tucked under my pillow?

I have no recollection at all of removing them.—MRS. MURIEL BARTLETT, St. Judes, Devon.

"People do many unusual things in their sleep, often requiring more effort and precision than taking off socks, and still have no recollection of doing so," says a doctor.

"As a rule there is nothing to worry about and not much that can be done to stop it."

Cure For Comrades

Making a tour of Yaroslav outside Moscow I came upon a queue of people viewing photographs. They turned out to be pictures of twelve drunks, hauled up by the police the previous night.

According to the police there, this has had a wonderful effect on heavy drinkers who either give it up or lose a lot of their enthusiasm for vodka.—ZAFAR A. HILALY, Highgate, London, N.6.

Snack Of Poison

There are numerous yew trees around my home and this year an abundance of berries has been scattered on the ground.

I was surprised to see both my dogs eating these with great relish. The Labrador swallowed the whole berries, while the terrier spat out the pips.

Surely this is an unusual part of a dog's diet? I always understood that the yew is poisonous.—O. R. SANDY, Winchester, Hants.

"Dogs will eat all sorts of things—nuts and bolts or bits of stone," says a vet. "The reason is often

Your Good Health at Christmas

Make friends with

MARTELL

Three Star *Cordon Bleu*

COGNAC BRANDY AT ITS BEST

Free Speech

continued from page 3

boredom. Yew berries are very dangerous. If a dog eats too many its blood will be poisoned and it will suffer from multiple haemorrhages."

Emergency Call

Under the Road Traffic Act any vehicle being used as an ambulance is exempt from the speed limit, if its observance "would be likely to hinder the use of the vehicle for the purpose for which it is being used on that occasion."

This does not apply to a doctor going on an emergency call and he is liable to prosecution if he exceeds the speed limit. I think he should be allowed the same privilege as the ambulance driver.—J. M. T., St. Annes-on-Sea, Lancs.

"If a doctor does feel that an emergency calls for extra speed his normal course is to inform the police, who will make every attempt to speed his journey," says the British Medical Association.

"It has never been felt that there is any justification for exemption from the speed limit of medical practitioners as a group."

What's In A Name?

My favourite picture in a little art gallery I know was a flower piece by the seventeenth-century Dutch artist van Huysum. Many enchanted moments I spent in front of it every time I visited the gallery.

Now the picture is no longer on view. It has been battened down in the basement because some distinguished visiting expert has declared that it is not by van Huysum, but the painting of an unknown artist.

There must be many like me who loved the work for its own sake and feel sad that it had to be banished just because it was painted by the wrong man.

I wish the distinguished expert had never found his way to my little gallery.—MISS HILDA KING PALMER, Gloucester Avenue, London, N.W.1.

Boiled To Bits

Does anyone know why potatoes have been boiling in such a strange way all this season? I try to keep mine just off the boil, but the minute I turn my back they are turned into potato soup.

My husband says that they break up because it's been a dry season. I can't see why.—MRS. B. BULL, Sandbach, Cheshire.

"Your husband was right, Mrs. Bull," says a cookery expert. "Potatoes boil to mush because it has been so dry. Try this way to cure the trouble:

"Cut the potatoes into thickish slices and place them in a pan with a close-fitting lid. Use just a small amount of water and some butter. Cook very slowly, being very careful not to let them burn because the gas is too high. This way they won't break up."

Approved Dealers

It would be a great convenience if ordinary shops, confectioners and newsagents sold postage stamps. Is there any law against them doing so? In so many suburban areas one

PAUL GALLICO'S

new romantic thriller

TOO MANY GHOSTS

Why was the lovely Susan Marshall singled out for a night of terror; for the caress of fingers icy with the chill of death?

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Quality Street

for Christmas !

Toffees

Chocolates

Mackintosh's
Quality Street
TOFFEES & CHOCOLATES

JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS LTD., HALIFAX

continued from page 4

is anything up to a mile away from a post office.—MRS. A. KENNETT, Newton Road, Harrow, Middlesex.

"Any shopkeeper can apply for a licence from us to sell postage stamps," says the post office.

"Many village and seaside shopkeepers sell them, although there is no profit at all, as a service to customers and to attract people into the shop."

Peace Through Pane

Calling to see a friend who has two small sons I was surprised to see them busily cleaning the french window—one on either side. For a moment or so they glared at each other, then burst out laughing.

My friend explained that when the boys quarrel she sets them to cleaning the window because they cannot glare at each other through glass for long before laughing at each other's funny face.—JOYCE I. KIRKWOOD, London, N.W.2.

Sweet Or Sour?

I like to chew something at work, but don't have a sweet tooth and wonder if confectioners have ever tried making savoury sweets, with such flavours as bacon or fried mushrooms.—L. TAYLOR, Anlaby Road, Hull, Yorks.

"It sounds quite an interesting idea, but I don't think any manufacturer has ever tried it," says a confectionery expert.

"Of course, the basis of most sweets is sugar and to make 'chews' without it would change the whole industry. Furthermore, people have a need for sugar and therefore never seem to tire of sweet things; they'd probably soon get bored with the taste of bacon."

Old School Rag

I have just heard a jazzed-up version of the Eton Boating Song on the wireless. Although a lover of jazz, I can see no attraction whatsoever in this rendering.

It gives the public a very poor idea of our school song, which has for generations been famed for its smooth and flowing melody. That it should degenerate into this type of jazz is too terrible for words—and for the ears.—THOMAS A. GIBSON, Eton College, Windsor, Berks.

Shell Diver

Reading your article on hibernation and health (JOHN BULL, October 31) I was reminded of a pet tortoise which fell into our fish pond.

It took six hours to locate it in the mud and weeds. On finding it we tipped the water out of its shell, dried it and put it in warm rags in front of the fire. Our pet is still going strong today.—G. F. THEOBALD, Woking, Surrey.

"Because its consumption of oxygen can be reduced without serious effects, a tortoise could live for several hours under water," says the Natural History Museum.

"In winter, when it is hibernating, it could live for about fourteen hours; in summer this would be considerably reduced. In effect, the tortoise holds its breath for that time."

Impot In Stitches

I agree with the reader who thinks that writing lines is a futile form of correction ("Free Speech," November 7).

At the girls' school where I am a prefect we are not allowed to give any punishment that may interfere with the pupils' homework. Instead offenders have to knit a six-inch square which is then sewn with others to make a blanket.

When it is large enough we intend to donate the blanket to the World Refugee Year.—PATRICIA DONOVAN, Monmouth, Mon.

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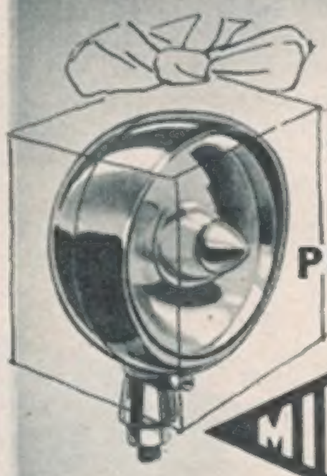

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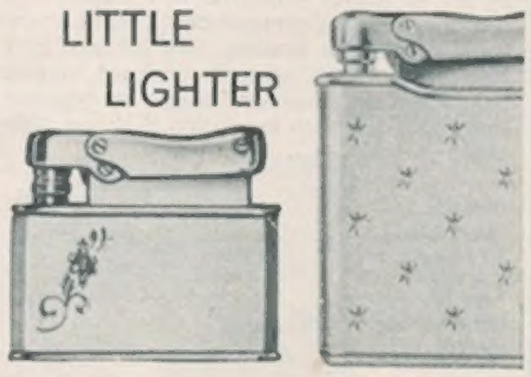

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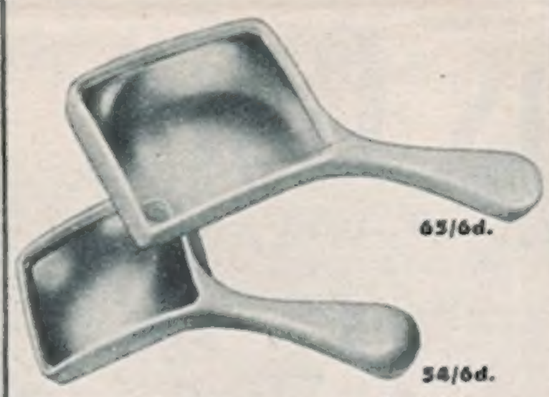

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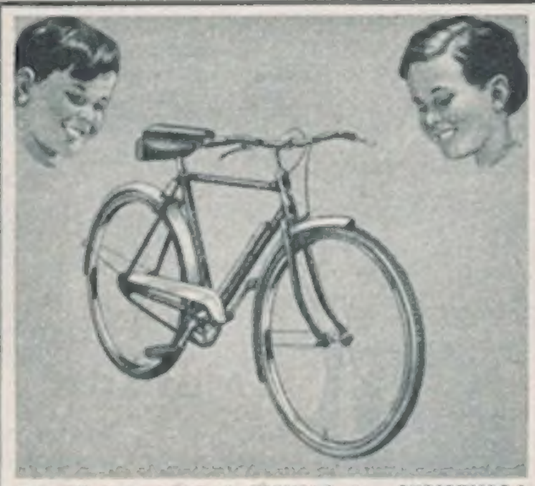

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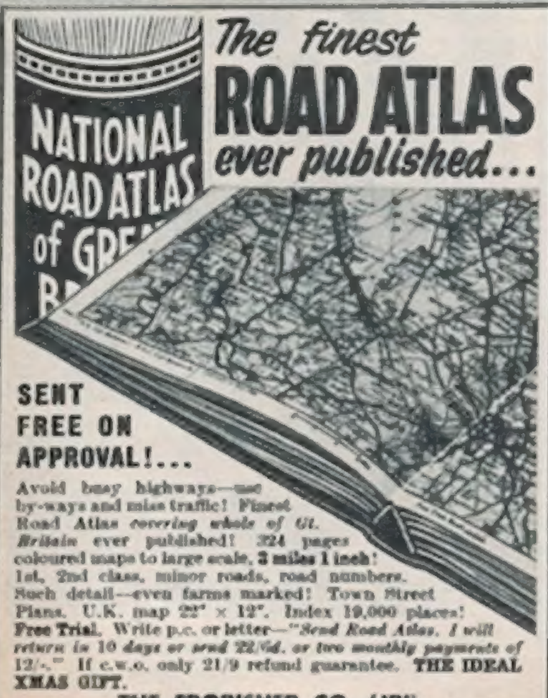

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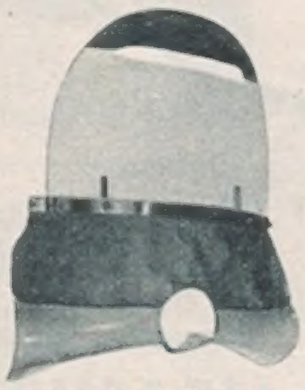

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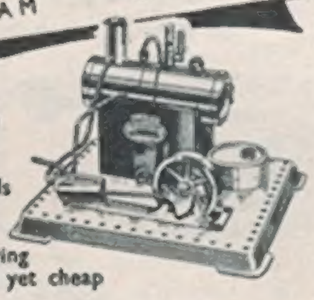

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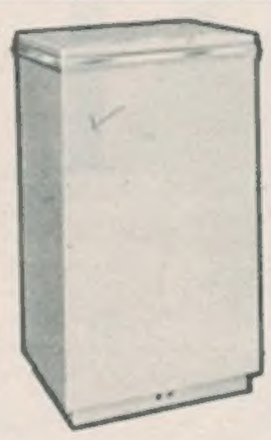

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TRIUMPH IN THE WEST

Completing the War Diaries of Field Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke

BEGINNING: The book the whole day-to-day diaries of

'I despair of Americans'

THE BACKGROUND

1943 . . . Victory at Alamein, North Africa and Sicily, the all-out bombing of Germany, the dramatic defeat of the U-boats in the Atlantic, the fall of Mussolini. . . .

All was ready for the assault on Italy itself, to open the way for a mighty attack on Germany from west and east.

The first of the two Italian landings was made on September 3, by two Eighth Army divisions under Montgomery; the second by a force of four British-American divisions sailing from North Africa and Sicily to land in Salerno Bay, two hundred miles north of Montgomery's forces in the toe of Italy.

Secret talks with the new Badoglio Government—officially still at war with Britain and America—led to an agreement that in the interval between the two landings, Italy should declare war on Germany. At the same time German garrisons in Italy and the Mediterranean islands would be disarmed and Allied troops dropped on Rome.

It was a near-run thing. . . . American reluctance to back Britain's plans in the Mediterranean nearly caused the attack to flop—at the very moment when the war in Southern Europe was going the Allies' way.

Landing-craft and carriers in the Mediterranean were kept in short supply. American Chiefs of Staff insisted on this so that Britain would not be encouraged to call off—in favour of a Balkan campaign—what would probably be a costly cross-Channel invasion in 1944.

The Americans wanted simultaneous drives in the Pacific and South-East Asia. And they were pressing, too, for troops and landing-craft to be withdrawn for the Channel invasion—despite the fact that this could not be launched for another eight months at least.

DURING the first week of September, 1943, a letter reached the Chief of the Imperial General Staff from the victorious general who had been his right-hand man in the retreat to Dunkirk, and whom just over a year before he had chosen to command a defeated army in the Western Desert of Africa.

Dated September 3, and written on Italian soil, it ran:

My dear Brookie,

I attacked across the Straits of Messina this morning at 0430 hours. And at 1030 hours I stepped ashore myself on the mainland of Europe just north of Reggio. It was a great thrill once more to set foot on the continent from which we were pushed off three years ago at Dunkirk!

There is no doubt some of my chaps are getting tired. Continuous and hard fighting is a great strain. . . . I have a feeling you think I am idle and ought not to go to bed after dinner and read a novel or do some quiet thinking in bed. But I can assure you that if I did not do this I could not possibly go on with the business at the present tempo and pace. . . .

Yours ever,
MONTY.

With the end of Britain's fourth year at war the penultimate stage had been reached in the grand designs which the British Chiefs of Staff had envisaged as the way to defeat Germany and which General Sir Alan Brooke had been persistently pursuing since he had become their chairman after the fall of Singapore.

Since the invasion of Sicily in July more than forty Axis divisions had had to be withdrawn or were in process of being withdrawn from other fronts, yet because of the American Chiefs of Staff's profound distrust of Britain's Mediterranean strategy, the opportunity offered by Hitler's embarrassments was not grasped.

By delaying the decision to invade Italy until Sicily was half conquered, they had allowed seven fateful weeks to be lost after Mussolini's fall and now, in their anxiety not to become too deeply committed in the Mediterranean, they had so limited the resources available for the landing on the west Italian coast as to endanger the expedition.

Shortage of aircraft-carriers made it impracticable to land farther north than Salerno Bay—the farthest point at which long-range fighters based on Sicily could operate—and lack of assault craft made it impossible to put more than four divisions at first ashore.

For a week it was touch-and-go whether the British and Americans would be able to hold the bridgehead until reinforcements from the sea and Montgomery's men, hurrying up from the south along mined and bridgeless roads, could relieve the pressure of the German armour.

Brooke wrote in his diary:

"September 14. News about Salerno landing is going from bad to worse. It is maddening not to be able to get the Americans to realize that they are going to burn their fingers before they do so. . . ."

On the day that Brooke made this entry the Supreme Commander in the Mediterranean, General Eisenhower, told his naval A.D.C. that if the Salerno battle ended in disaster, "he would probably be out."

Holding its own

But by the evening of September 16, just under a fortnight after his men crossed the Messina Strait and a week after the Salerno landing, Montgomery's advance guard was only a few miles away and the bridgehead, continually reinforced from the sea, was able to hold its own and hit back.

Before the next day, when Brooke recorded a further improvement in the situation, the German Command had decided that the risk of being caught between two fires in the foot of Italy was too great and had given orders for a withdrawal to the north. By the eighteenth full contact had been established between the Eighth Army and the growing American and British Fifth Army in the bridgehead.

"Salerno landing," the C.I.G.S. wrote that night, "now seems safe."

Brooke was growing old. He had borne the responsibility of high command for three and a half of the most

world is arguing about—the sensational

FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALANBROOKE

the

exacting years in the nation's history without intermission. In July, 1943, he had passed his sixtieth birthday.

"I went to work," he wrote after a furlough in September, "with a desperate disinclination to work! I feel that nothing less than a six months' leave could really restore the necessary drive and vitality to pick up this burden again."

A constant strain

The daily strain of conference, of persuading others of what his quick, decisive mind and professional experience convinced him was right, the interminable interviews with callers of every description, to so many of whom he had to propound hard things or break unpalatable truths, the need to keep a constant curb on his temper and tongue showed itself more clearly than ever in his diary, though scarcely ever, according to those who served him, in his work.

"One of those days," he wrote on October 20, "when even the sunshine fails to dispel the gloom that lies over one. A desperate feeling of failure, incompetency and incapacity to carry this burden any longer."

When his colleague and predecessor in the C.O.S. chair, Sir Dudley Pound, returned from the Quebec Conference a dying man and a few weeks later Brooke attended his funeral at the Abbey, he wrote: "I felt as I sat next to his coffin that amongst the three Chiefs of Staff he had certainly chosen the one road that led at last to peace and an end to these worldly struggles, and in some ways I envied him."

On Sunday, September 19, Churchill returned to England. Immediately after the Quebec Conference with

Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, wartime C.I.G.S. and top military strategist. Lord Attlee calls him "a fine character and a brilliant mind." Lord Montgomery sees him as "the best soldier" of the war. Sir James Grigg, former Secretary of State for War, describes him as "one of the comparatively few truly great men"

Alanbrooke on TEHERAN : "The more politicians you put together to prosecute the war, the longer you postpone its conclusion"

continued from previous page

President Roosevelt in August he had gone to the United States for a much-needed holiday. Brooke met him at 9 p.m. that night at Euston, with the usual crowd of Cabinet Ministers and staff officers. Next day the C.I.G.S. spent the afternoon preparing for the Monday evening Cabinet meeting which, under the Prime Minister's eloquent chairmanship, lasted from 5.30 to 8.30 p.m.

Brooke wrote: "After Cabinet, Winston called me up to find out if I had read his speech, which I had not. He said he hoped I would do so as he would probably want to discuss it with me after dinner. Shortly after dinner I was called up and had to go round to 10 Downing Street where I was kept till 2 a.m., discussing and checking the speech. He spent an infinity of work over it and was attending to meticulous details."

"On several occasions," Brooke added after the war, "I had to participate in the final stages of Winston's preparations for a speech. The whole Cabinet table was usually littered with segments of the speech which had been returned by various people with remarks or criticisms. He worked at a tremendous pressure on these occasions and by the small hours of the morning order began to replace the original chaos."

A week later in September, 1943, the Chiefs of Staff Committee and its chairman were engaged once more in one of their familiar holding actions against the Prime Minister's attempt or apparent attempt—for it was the essence of his relationship with his military advisers that he expected them to resist him stoutly while he tried to argue them into courses of which they disapproved—to commit the country to major operations in Sumatra and Burma.

This was at the moment when it was pledged to throw all its resources into liberating France and, as a necessary preliminary, to maintaining unremitting pressure in Italy.

Brooke's view was that without far larger resources in air transport and landing-craft than either the British or Americans could yet assemble in India, neither the amphibious operations in Burma envisaged by the Prime Minister nor the mountain and jungle ones which the Americans were propounding had the slightest chance of success. Not until 1945, Brooke argued, would the Allies be in a position to strike in such force as to be able to recapture Rangoon and the mouth of the Irrawaddy—the key to the control of Burma. In what remained of 1943, everything not absolutely essential to building up the necessary strength to strike across the Channel ought to be used to maintain pressure on the Germans in Italy.

Tougher operation

The Russians could no more grasp the significance of what Brooke was trying to achieve than the Americans. To the Red Star generals, in their ignorance of amphibious operations, the only really worthwhile way in which their Western allies could help them was to throw the largest possible force across the Channel at the earliest possible moment. That such an operation involved any harder problem than a crossing of the Volga or Dneiper never seemed to occur to them. Although relieved by Western pressure of two-thirds of the Luftwaffe and more than a third of the Reichswehr, they continued to blackmail Britain and America by dropping hints that unless a "second front" in France were opened speedily they would be unable to continue the war, demanding a share of the Italian fleet—in whose capture they had played no part—and insisting, in the rudest terms and without the slightest regard for their allies' shipping commitments, on a resumption of the till now almost suicidally sacrificed Arctic convoys

Thus, on every hand, despite the summer's spectacular victories, Brooke was encountering obstacles to his plans for exploiting the strategic opportunities offered by Italy's long coastline.

Though at the beginning of October, when their troops entered Naples, Eisenhower and Alexander were still hoping to capture Rome within the next few weeks, thanks to the rigid limitations imposed by Washington on their amphibious power, Kesselring, the German commander-in-chief, was not only able to evacuate his troops from Sardinia and Corsica without loss but had almost completely recovered from the fear that had hitherto haunted him of landings in central and northern Italy to cut off his forces in the south.

Unfortunately, for the past month the Prime Minister had been pressing on the Americans a course of action in the Mediterranean calculated to make them even more suspicious than usual of British intentions in that sea. It had been hoped that with the surrender of Italy all the Italian-held islands would pass into Allied hands. But while Sardinia and Corsica went the way of Sicily, in the Dodecanese the Germans quickly overpowered their weary ex-allies and gained control before British troops from the Middle East, short both of shipping and carrier-borne aircraft, could arrive.

Only on the small islands of Cos, Leros and Samos were a few hundred British troops put ashore from hastily improvised flotillas of coasting vessels and sailing ships, unsupported by adequate air power.

Missed opportunity

To the Prime Minister it had appeared, not unnaturally, that a wonderful opportunity was being missed. This was the area which, ever since Gallipoli, he had regarded as the key to Eastern Europe and Asia Minor.

"This is a time," he had signalled to the Commander-in-Chief, Middle East, on September 13, "to think of Clive and Peterborough and of Rooke's men taking Gibraltar." For once British air power was established on Rhodes, the navy would be able to resume control of the Aegean and the sea approaches to Turkey and that country, freed from the menace of the Luftwaffe, would be able to enter the war on the Allied side.

Soon, Churchill argued, the whole Balkans would be ablaze, a safe sea supply route be open to Russia and Western troops would be able to operate against the flank and rear of the Germans and satellite forces opposing the advance of the Red Army.

However, any hope of "Operation Accolade," as it was known, succeeding was destroyed on October 3 by the capture by German parachutists of Cos and with it of the only airfields from which the landing could be covered.

Even this disaster failed to deter the Prime Minister. Brooke's diary records what happened.

"October 6. Our C.O.S. meeting was taken up by examining the situation created by the German attack on Cos Island and its capture by them, the P.M.'s anxiety to recapture this wonderful trophy and the effect of its loss on the proposed operations to capture Rhodes. It is quite clear in my mind that with the commitments we have in

On AMERICAN GENERALS : "We shall have a serious set-to, but I am tired of seeing our strategy warped by their shortsightedness"

British and American service chiefs in conference. On the left is the American General Marshall, of whom Alanbrooke (right) said: "It was not long before he and I had the father and mother of a row . . ."

"After listening to the arguments put forward, I feel like entering a lunatic asylum or a nursing home . . ."

Italy we should not undertake serious operations in the Aegean.

"At 3.15 p.m. we were summoned to a staff conference with the P.M.: Andrew Cunningham and Sholto Douglas were both there. P.M. by now determined to go for Rhodes without looking at the effects on Italy, or at any rate refusing to look the implication square in the face. I had a heated argument with him. . . .

"October 7. Another 3 p.m. conference; another one-and-a-half hours' battle with P.M. to hold on to what I think is right. The same arguments brought up again and again. And then finally sent for at 10.30 p.m. to try and swing me and get me to agree in a *tête-à-tête* interview. However, I arrived in the middle of an air raid.

"As I walked in, Winston was dashing out with Mary, who was on leave, to take her back to her A.A. Battery in Hyde Park. I was whisked off with them. By the time we arrived the raid was over. We therefore walked round the battery position for half an hour. Winston started reminiscing and told me this was the very spot Mrs. Everest, his nurse, used to take him to when he was a small boy whilst he was longing the whole time to get back to his soldiers. And now it was a battery position in which his daughter was serving.

"He next broke the news to me that on Saturday (today being Thursday evening, 11 p.m.) I was to start with him for a conference in Tunis and that we should come back on Tuesday! This is all to decide whether we should try and take Rhodes. . . .

Churchill in 'frenzy'

"October 8 . . . I can now control him no more. He has worked himself into a frenzy of excitement about the Rhodes attack, has magnified its importance so that he can no longer see anything else and has set his heart on capturing this one island even at the expense of endangering his relations with the President and the Americans and the future of the Italian campaign. He refused to listen to any arguments or to see any dangers.

"He wired to the President asking for Marshall to come out to the Mediterranean for a conference in Tunis to settle the matter, hoping in his heart to be able to swing the meeting by his personality. However, the President sent him back a very cold reply, asking him not to influence operations in the Mediterranean. This did not satisfy him and he has wired back again asking President to reconsider the matter. He is placing himself, quite unnecessarily, in a false position. The Americans are already desperately suspicious of him, and this will make matters worse.

"Meanwhile it is now nearly midnight Friday, and we none of us yet know whether we are to start for Tunis tomorrow or not. . . ."

No Tunis conference took place. Conscious of his country's growing military strength, Roosevelt stood firmly by the advice of his Chiefs of Staff. For though the Prime Minister protested that the enemy in Italy was retreating and that there would be ample time to capture Rhodes before reaching his defensive lines in the north, to all his offers to proceed at once to Eisenhower's headquarters the President returned an unvarying *non possumus*.

"A quiet day at home," Brooke recorded in his diary on Sunday, October 10. "I spent half an hour with him [the P.M.] on the telephone during which he stated everyone was against him, but that the situation was so

continued on page 45

On Madame CHIANG KAI-SHEK: "She was a study in herself; a queer character in which sex and politics seemed to predominate, both being used to achieve her ends. She had certainly made the best of herself and was well turned-out. The more I see her, the less I like her"

Why should I let this man steal my girl, when I could ruin him with a word?

REVENGE

by JOHN DAVIES

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

I OUGHT to be below in my bunk. It's after midnight and I've got a big day in front of me tomorrow. There'll be a lot to do, handing over to Johnson. And somehow I'll have to get cleaned up and into my best uniform and be at the church by noon.

But even if I did turn in now, I shouldn't sleep. I'd still be thinking of the crowded church tomorrow, and the organ swelling suddenly into the "Wedding March," and Kathie coming down the aisle towards me on her father's arm.

Kathie. Not surprisingly, my head is full of thoughts of her tonight. She has leaned on the rail here beside me so many times, watching the sights and listening to the sounds of the Pool at night: St. Paul's, huge up there on the hill; the grate and rumble of cranes.

Down river a smoke-red London moon is lifting over a tangle of derricks and masts and spars. I can see what looks like a barge's topmast there. And that spells Kathie once again. It takes me straight back to a day last spring. It was a day when nothing much happened, but I know I'll never forget it, however long I live.

I'd brought the London Pride down from Newcastle. We docked late-ish in the afternoon, about five. It was a grey, cold day, but as we edged into the wharf the sun broke through for a moment. It gleamed red-gold on Kathie's hair. And at the sight of her waiting there, suddenly all the weariness and ill-humour of a bad-weather trip lifted from me.

Her father was with her. He always liked to come down to the wharf to see his boats come in.

We secured alongside, and then they came aboard. Kathie kissed me, and Mac and I talked for a bit about the trip. Then I left them in the saloon while I changed into shoregoing rig. I was going back with them to supper. That was another thing that Mac liked to do—to invite his skippers back to the house for the evening. There was nothing he enjoyed more than a long natter about ships and the sea.

Although, seeing how things were between Kathie and me, I was a pretty frequent visitor anyway.

When I was ready we went up on deck. Mac kept Kathie and me waiting there while he poked around. If he could have found fault, he would have done, and I would have felt the sharp edge of his tongue. The fact that I was the man who was going to marry his daughter wouldn't have made any difference at all.

But he couldn't find anything wrong today, and he headed for the ladder to go ashore. Kathie was following him across the deck when she stopped, gazing astern down the river. She said: "Isn't that Harry coming up now?"

"Harry?" I said. "He's due today?"

Kathie said: "He was reported from Southend this morning." Kathie worked in her father's office as phone-girl and typist and book-keeper and pretty well everything else. She knew all the movements of the River Trading Company's boats.

I stood beside her, following her gaze. A barge's brown topsail was rounding the bend of the river. I couldn't identify her by that alone, but Kathie could. The barge came into view and it was Harry's Esmeralda all right.

MAC was ashore by now and calling to us to hurry up. We went down the ladder and joined him. Kathie told him the Esmeralda was coming up, and he frowned. I could see him hesitating, in two minds whether to wait for the barge to berth or not. I knew that he didn't really want to, and I knew why. But in the end the habit of years got the better of him, and he walked slowly along the wharf to the place where the barge would berth.

Harry brought the Esmeralda right up to the wharf under sail, nicely stemming the first of the ebb tide to lay her neatly alongside. No engine work at all. It was the sort of saving of fuel that normally would have pleased old Mac's thrifty heart, but it didn't seem to please him today. When I glanced at him his face was set and stony.

The Esmeralda tied up and we went aboard. Harry was waiting for us. He was big, broad-shouldered, young to be a skipper, even of a barge, but there could be no doubt of his competence.

He had no welcome for us. Or only for Kathie. They looked at each other, and his face lit up. Only briefly, though. And he didn't look at Mac at all.

THEN Mac went off for his usual tour of the deck, looking for dirt or untidy gear. As usual the barge was immaculate. He came back to the rest of us and spoke to Harry. I could see it was an effort.

"Good trip?" he asked curtly.

"Not bad." Harry's tone was equally short.

"You got an easterly today."

"Brought us down nicely." Harry hesitated. "We had some trouble with the diesel on the way up. I'd better talk to you about it sometime."

Kathie put a hand on her father's arm. She said: "Why doesn't Harry come back to supper with us? Then you can talk——"

Mac cut in quickly. He was frowning. He said: "I don't think Harry cares much for visiting—do you, boy?"

Harry said: "Not much." He had flushed deeply under his tan. Somehow he found a smile for Kathie. "Thanks all the same."

Mac turned. "Come on, John—come on, Kathie."

Kathie stood rebelliously where she was for a moment. Then she followed him. I could see her biting her lip. I followed them both. It was an awkward moment. I felt pretty uncomfortable myself.

The evening wasn't a success. Mac was in a poor humour and Kathie seemed very withdrawn. I usually stayed till round about midnight, but tonight I got up and left soon after ten.

Kathie walked with me to the end of the road, as she always did. We stopped there to say goodnight. I took both her hands in mine. I said: "Not very happy tonight, darling?"

"Oh, I'm all right."

"Thinking about Harry?"

She wouldn't look at me. She said defensively: "Why should I? Only . . . well, it all seems so unfair!"

I said: "I shouldn't worry about it. Your father knows what he's doing."

"Does he?" She turned her head and lifted her eyes to mine, but I felt her draw a little away and her voice was bitter. "Does he really know what he's doing to him?"

She reached up and kissed me quickly, and then suddenly she was gone. I stood and watched her running back up the road. For the first time since she'd been coming out to see me off she didn't look back.

And that, I think, was the first time I realized just what the score was where Kathie and Harry and I were concerned.

OUR little fleet consisted of just three vessels; two coasters—the London Prince and my own London Pride — and the barge. The two steamers made a lot more money than the barge could ever hope to do, but the Esmeralda had a special place in Mac's affections. He had sailed in her himself as a boy.

It was just a year now since Harry West had got the job of skippering her.

I'd started off by liking Harry West—in fact I still did. But things had gone wrong between him and Mac. The trouble was the chip on Harry's shoulder had started to show again.

At first the boy had been grateful to Mac for giving him a job. And he had good reason to be. Berths weren't all that easy to come by when you'd got a black mark against you; not, at any rate, if it was the sort of black mark young Harry had collected.

It had happened a couple of years before he came to us, when he was a smart, very junior officer in the Rothay, one of the Far East Line's crack boats.

It happened when she got back from

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As soon as I opened the door and saw Harry's face I knew the bitter truth. He, too, was in love with Kathie

I ought to know what I'm talking about, for this is where I started. I've been a Teddy Boy, too. I know why they land in dead-end jobs, roam the streets and dress to kill

Well, what's wrong with the teenagers?

by TOMMY STEELE

Steele at the beginning of his career. "I know what makes teenagers tick," he says. "Without them I'd be a nobody"

THE other week I was sitting in my theatre dressing-room when a shout came through the window from a crowd of teenagers outside: "Come out and sign autographs." I had signed hundreds that day but I went out, then returned inside.

Soon a fresh group yelled to me to go out and sign. When there seemed to be no response the youngsters shouted through the window, "Come on out, Tommy Steele. We make you and we can break you."

I tell this story to show that I am under no delusions about British youth. Even my fans are brutally frank

What I have to say about young people is based on personal experience of three sorts: first, it is only two or three years since I was a teenager, and in Bermondsey, one of the roughest areas in Britain; second, whichever country I visit, I like to go where youngsters gather, getting to know what they think; third, hundreds of people every year ask me for advice.

The problems all concern young people, though some of the people who ask are their parents. Now I'm not saying my advice is any good, but I do listen to the problems very carefully.

Cry of bitterness

"We make you and we can break you." That is a cry that has been put into the teenagers' mouths, and perhaps the defiance with which they shout it is really a bitterness that only applies to show business.

Teenagers earn good wages now; they are in a very strong position. They are packing the theatres in the provinces. Because they put a lot of money into show business they are looked up to by that business—but by nobody else.

I believe there ought to be *more* people that youth can "make or break"—people in public life, in industry and business. In other words, the teenager ought to begin to take a responsibility that is in proportion to his power. He or she ought to have a finger in politics.

I was in a television studio the other day when a contingent of about thirty came and spoke to me about this. "Why don't you fight for us and talk up for us about this?" they said. I wouldn't mix in politics if I was paid for it, but I'm convinced of one thing: I'm very much in favour of this teenage vote.

Elect a teenagers' M.P.

If a boy can fight for his country at eighteen he ought to be able to vote in it. That's fair. And if a boy can pay income tax he can make up his mind who he's going to pay it to.

You've got to look at the argument on the other side. They say that at eighteen a boy doesn't know what he's voting for. Well, he certainly knows who he is paying and who he may be giving his life for.

But, to be fair, there could be a compromise. We should tell teenagers: "All right, then, you can have a vote at eighteen, but you can't vote for the big governors. Start off by voting for somebody of your own to go to the Commons. Get a young fellow of about twenty-five years of age who has a bit of a brain and can stand in the Commons and see that things aren't done wrong against the young people." But don't imagine that I want the job.

If we did this we might be very much clearer about the true things that teenagers want. To a large extent it is *responsibility* and the satisfaction or prestige that goes with it. You even get a clue about this from the Teddy Boys.

I know perfectly well why I bought a Teddy Boy suit when I was a kid. It was because people would stop and look twice at me when I went along the street. And this is what is behind most Teddy Boy behaviour. They need people to look twice at them in the street.

If we had any sense we'd give them some sort

Tommy Steele, film-making on a bull farm in Spain, meets a fan. "Teenagers there are proud," he says, "and so keen on work they don't make trouble"

of responsibility that would make people look twice at them *in the community*. We have got to give them something that they are in control of.

Otherwise we must leave them as the bosses of the dark streets, and we must take what's coming to us. On the street at twelve o'clock at night there is nobody about but kids, and they know it. That is why they walk the streets at night, looking for trouble.

The streets are theirs and they get a big kick out of it. They walk down Old Kent Road at night, fifty-handed and very proud. It's *their* street. At other times it's packed with cars and people going to and from work. At midnight it's the teenagers' street, and let anyone dare walk along it at that time and they're in trouble.

I know what I'm talking about because this is where I started. I can talk first-hand because my own teenage life is only a couple of years different from the young people today. I used to be with a gang and we used to belt people up. I have seen gangs five hundred strong fight together in Southwark Park.

I got out early, but I know why I did it and why a lot of my friends went on doing it. It wasn't so much for robbery, or money of any sort. It was because they weren't settled, they hadn't really anything to live for.

Two wasted years

The call-up for the army had something to do with this. I know conscription is ending, but the results of it will be with us for a year or two.

I've met many army fellows with a chip on their shoulders and I don't blame them. At eighteen they're taken from their jobs and put into the army. For two years they are given orders, they live by the spoken word without any obligation to think, and when they come out at twenty they've got nothing. Any rise in wages they would have got over those two years is gone, and often they've lost their training.

One boy told me, "I wanted to be a mechanic, but only a few people get to go there, so they stuck me in signals. What's Morse code going to do for me?" Chaps are honest about the benefits. They are fit, they feel marvellous, and they can use a Bren gun. But a Bren gun's not going to help you in Civvy Street unless you're going to be a bank robber.

Now conscription is ending. At the age of fifteen the new generation have got to find their jobs, the jobs that are going to colour their lives more than any other single factor of their youth. And it is over the choice of a job—in areas like the one I was brought up in, at any rate—that I consider British youth is hard done by.

When I was at school I queued for an hour with the rest of the boys who were leaving and

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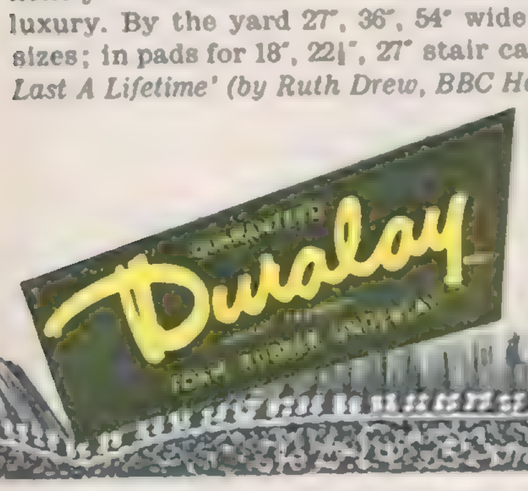

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Well, what's wrong with the teenagers?

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we went to see the Man from the Working—the Employment Officer.

I remember so very clearly one boy coming out, and I asked him what had happened in there. He said, "Well, I went in and I told him I'd like to get a job when I leave school and he said why didn't I go round the corner to the tin people? I could get a job there on one of the whatsits, one of the things that go round and make a few tins. It sounds all right, I suppose."

I stared at him. Perhaps I felt cocky, but I had made up my mind to go to sea

I was determined to see the world before I settled down. I said, "Is that what you really want?"

He said, "No. But you get three quid a week"—today it is £5—"so I suppose it's all right, isn't it?" And I knew that was important.

Money comes first

It's all very well for the boy who has a good living with his parents. Mother and Father can talk to Mr. Johnson down the road, and the kid can get himself a nice start. But what about the kids around *my* areas, where the family needs them too badly for them ever to leave the place and take a cushy apprenticeship somewhere else? They leave school and they have got to start work to put some money into the family kitty.

It doesn't matter about the future to them—they've got to get money. They've got to get £5 a week so that the old girl can have £3.

My parents weren't like that, thank God, although they weren't rich. My mother was up at six o'clock in the morning and working till eight at night, and my father went away every day to work on the racecourses. The family was badly off, but my mother told me, "If you want to go to sea, you go to sea."

And I still found time to send thirty bob home a week out of £2.

But most of the boys at school with me went for the quick money. And the result is that, now, three of my mates are doing prison, about six years' apiece. I can easily count on my fingers those in good jobs, and the others are all working nice and handy for the local factories at tin-making, leather-tanning and dye work.

I keep on thinking of the kids of fifteen. Three months before they leave school they still queue outside that headmaster's office. The man is there to see that they get employment and the employers get them. He doesn't suggest that you can go down Fleet Street and work as a copy boy, and go to evening classes for a time and perhaps you might one day become a reporter.

Condemned for life

As far as he's concerned there's a leather works round the corner or you can go and be a tin-basher. And it's not really until the end of their teens that the boys realize, O.K., they're tin-bashers, they've got cut hands and they are going to be tin-bashers for another forty years.

That's when they really begin to get the gripes.

That's where you get your fights in the street and your troubles over coloured people. You've got an eighteen-year-old boy that's sick to death of working in a factory, clocking on at eight with nothing to think about but the *brub-brub* of his machine all day. Too many youths today are not happy in their jobs and have no interest in them.

The only time they are doing what they want is when they are out with the boys at night-time. Then, there comes the night when they've already seen the picture, they're fed up with watching *Wagon Train*, so they go out and kill a few Indians of their own—and it turns out to be a Negro.

It is the young people doing jobs of no interest that Mosley and his people are depending on now. They are talking in the pubs about keeping the coloured person down. The only people they can impress are the ones who aren't happy and settled in their jobs. Mosley can't go to Hampstead and talk to the people there, or he would be kicked out. But in Bermondsey or Notting Hill he can talk about it and they will stay and listen.

In all the countries I have visited recently I have tried to check up on this to see if a general lack of interest in their jobs at least partially tallies with unrest among youth. I found that in South Africa they have the Teddy Boy problem as we have it, but when I went on concert tours of Denmark and Sweden it wasn't obvious. What I did see in Scandinavia was that they all seemed to have something to do at nights; they followed some enthusiasm and very many of them went to evening school.

It is not just straight poverty that causes the problem. I was in Spain this year making the film *Tommy The Toreador*, and the country we were working in was so poor that we were thrown out of one village for feeding a dog.

Paddy Carstairs, the director, fed one that seemed to be starving, and the villagers revolted and brought the police down. They said, "If you're going to feed the dogs, feed the children, too!"

That shows how poor they were. But the youth, who are very proud, seemed so concerned with their work that there was certainly no teenage trouble there.

Full of creation

I thought the teenagers in Moscow, which I recently visited for a film festival, were full of creation and imagination. But the ones I saw seemed to be given every opportunity. Everyone seemed to be studying something, for some part of the day, at the university. I thought their minds were very fully occupied. Whatever they were doing dominated all their attention. But they say there are Teddy Boys there among the children of rich officials, so some people seem to be bored.

In Britain I know that there are other problems affecting young people which are distinct from this underlying general dreariness of work. Many kids who come and see me, often turning up with their parents, seem to me to be suffering from having their father or mother living the child's life by proxy. More than once I have said to a mother, "I hope you don't mind, but if I was you I'd keep off your daughter's back for a little while."

Quite often they promise to take this advice, for I think most of the mothers and fathers who come to see me believe I am pretty level-headed.

But again, this trouble boils down to denying teenagers the responsibility they are wanting. In industry this task of giving young people a responsible interest in their work is a job for better brains than mine. The new streamlined factories have their personnel officers who try this sort of thing, but in too many places like the area I come from the firms don't want to know.

I am sure that some sort of vote for people of eighteen would recognize their status in modern life. And with regard to the way they spend their evenings, and the great problem of giving them some place that is theirs to run, instead of the streets, I am very proud to be serving on a committee with some of the finest people in the country that is actively planning an entirely new type of youth organization. I hope it will be a success.

But I am saying and promising nothing until the project can be judged on its own achievement. THE END

Can you drink and drive home SAFELY?

by KEITH ELLIS

THE police had arrested him when they saw his car weaving erratically along the road, and even after the hour it took Dr. Neville Spriggs to get to the station, the driver was still obviously "under the influence."

Spriggs, then a Leicester police surgeon, went through the routine examination, checking the man's heart and pulse, looking into his eyes and mouth, asking him to pick up bits of paper off the floor and to write out his address. As a result of his findings, the police decided to bring a charge of driving while under the influence of drink.

The man elected to be tried by jury, and luckily for him found a clever lawyer. "My client could walk, couldn't he?" the lawyer asked Spriggs in the witness-box. "He could talk, couldn't he? He knew where he was and where he lived, didn't he?"

Spriggs's answers were necessarily of the "Yes, but . . ." variety and the lawyer managed to convince the jury that there was some doubt about his findings.

The man was acquitted.

A few weeks later, a publican was talking to

Can you drink and drive home safely?

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Spriggs about the case. "What time did they arrest him?" he asked.

"About 11 p.m.," said Spriggs.

"Then of course he was drunk," said the publican. "I've known him thirty years, and he's never sober at that time."

The law on drink and driving is chaotic. Drivers whose condition makes them potential killers go free. Others, driving quietly home after a couple of beers at the local, wonder where they stand.

Has their driving *really* been affected. If a policeman smells their breath, will they be arrested for being "under the influence"? And if they are given the seemingly incomprehensible tests at a police station, what sort of performance will they put up?

Surprising as it may seem, the police do not know how many road deaths are caused by drink. The official statistics say that it was a prime factor in 1,059 of the 237,265 accidents in which at least one person was killed or injured last year.

The statistics lie

But prime factor does not mean cause. It means the most obvious of several circumstances which have together produced an accident. A driver who has had too much to drink may have swerved, gone too fast, manoeuvred clumsily, lost control or even fallen asleep at the wheel. He may have done several of these things at once. While it is often extremely difficult to prove that he was "under the influence"—he may be dead or in hospital—it is easy to show that he skidded on a corner or overtook another car on a bend. This is then put down as the prime factor.

Drink *causes* far more accidents than the statistics suggest. Captain Athelstan Popkess, Chief Constable of Nottingham, put "driving under the influence" at the top of a list of ten main causes of accidents. Sir Joseph Simpson, now Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, reckoned in 1952 that the number of accidents in which drink was officially listed as the prime factor represented a tenth, perhaps only a twentieth, of the actual number.

The experts agree that the real danger on the roads is not the drunken driver but the driver who has had a few drinks. The dead-drunk driver is soon spotted and restrained either by his friends or by the police. The driver who has been drinking breezes along full of confidence. His impaired judgment prevents his recognizing that his skill has also been impaired.

When he is picked up, perhaps after an accident, it is extremely difficult for the police to make a case against him. He has almost an hour to sober up before the arrival of the police surgeon and he can then ask to be examined by his own doctor, who usually takes another hour to appear.

Juries are biased

In court, the police surgeon—whose examination has already been made fun of by the defending counsel—may find himself contradicted by the man's own doctor, who found him in a much better condition and may in any case be inclined to take a favourable view.

Juries in drink cases are notoriously on the side of the accused. In almost any collection of twelve men and women there will be several motorists who have occasionally driven after taking a few drinks. They probably think, "There, but for the grace of God, go I," and give him the benefit of the doubt.

One London police surgeon kept notes on two hundred drivers he had examined for symptoms of intoxication. Except for three who were diabetics, they had all taken too much alcohol to make them safe in a car. In seventy-seven cases, however, the police decided they had little chance of winning under the present law and did not prosecute.

Of those charged, forty pleaded guilty. Half the rest chose to be tried by magistrates who found all but ten guilty. The others exercised their right of trial by jury and three-quarters went free. "Some barristers," says Spriggs, "make a thundering good living out of defending drink cases."

Until the law makes a precise definition of "under the influence," the police will never be sure of getting convictions in even the most flagrant cases. Nor will the driver who has taken a couple of drinks at lunch know where he stands. But "under the influence" *can* be defined quite easily.

Alcohol is absorbed rapidly into the body and the amount present can be accurately discovered by analysing a few drops of blood or a specimen of the urine. Both these methods involve some delay because the tests have to be done in a laboratory. But the breath, too, contains alcohol, and there is a gadget called a Breathalyzer whose makers claim that it can show accurately on a dial the amount present after the suspect has merely blown into it.

The law could be made cast-iron if every suspect were required to give a blood, urine or breath specimen and if the presence of a given proportion of alcohol constituted "being under the influence."

One particularly difficult problem is deciding what the limit should be. It has long been known that a man who has taken more than about four pints of beer or seven whiskies is unfit to drive, but little was understood about the effect of small quantities. In particular, nobody knew whether there is a threshold dose below which alcohol has no effect.

In 1954 the Road Users' Committee, a body appointed jointly by the Medical Research Council and the government's Road Research Board, sponsored an experiment by Professor George Drew, then of Bristol University.

Drew gathered forty volunteers—average age thirty-one—from the staff of the Road Research Laboratory and tested each for two and a half hours on the same day of the week for five successive weeks. After preliminary practice they had to sit at the controls of a dummy car and follow the windings of a dummy road projected on to a screen in front of them. Instruments recorded their speed, the accuracy of their steering and the movements of the steering-wheel.

Before each of the five sessions they were given drinks containing ever larger doses of alcohol. At the end of the series, their performances after the various drinks were compared.

Drew's most significant discovery was that there is no threshold. Even after the smallest doses—equivalent to less than a pint of beer—performance began to fall off.

At the highest level—equivalent to three pints of beer—they were making almost a fifth more mistakes than when they had no alcohol at all.

Drew's experiment shows that even a single drink impairs a man's driving skill. But it does not follow that most men then become dangerous drivers. Drew admits that his experiment takes no account of many hazards and stimuli found under actual road conditions, and gives little indication at what level "the increased risk of accident would become acceptable."

To find out exactly what this increased risk is under actual road conditions, the Toronto police collaborated with the Department of Pharmacology at Toronto University. Every weekday for a year, a police driver and a researcher stood-by in a police car between 6.30 and 10.30 p.m., and every time an accident was reported they raced to the scene and took a breath sample from the driver of the car or cars involved.

Immediately afterwards, they stopped four passing cars of similar age and type and took breath samples from the drivers. They then had all the samples analysed for alcohol. Altogether, there were 433 "accident" drivers and 2,015 "non-accident" drivers. By comparing the results, they were able to work out whether someone who had taken a few drinks was more likely to have accidents than someone who had taken none.

They discovered that the risk was not significant for drivers who had taken up to three pints of beer or about four whiskies. But drivers who had drunk between three and four and a half pints of beer or between four and seven whiskies were two and a half times as likely to have accidents. Drivers who had drunk still more were ten times as likely to have accidents.

Before deciding on a safety limit for alcohol, society has to weigh the risk of possible accidents against the undoubted loss of amenity. Sweden has taken a strong line. The police have power to take blood tests merely on suspicion. They do so not only after accidents but in spot checks in which they stop every passing motorist.

Breath tests show how much a driver has drunk. In some countries automatic fines or jail follow failure to pass police tests like this

Straight to jail

If the result shows that the driver has had more than one and a half pints of beer or about two whiskies he is guilty of driving under the influence and liable to a fine related to his income. If he is shown to have had more than four and a half pints of beer or about seven whiskies, he is automatically sent to prison—unless there are extenuating circumstances.

In America the law varies, but the National Safety Council has laid down a standard which is widely accepted. It says that drivers who have drunk up to one and a half pints of beer or two whiskies are safe on the road. After drinking twice this amount they are possibly under the influence, and after drinking three times this amount, probably under the influence. Anyone who has drunk more is undoubtedly under the influence.

What level should we adopt in Britain? All the evidence suggests that, to be absolutely safe, our law should be as strict as Sweden's. But would the public support it? Or would they have a sneaking sympathy for those who evaded it as they have now for those who evade the betting and licensing laws?

And how would the police feel about enforcing such a law? They are already deeply concerned about their bad relations with motorists over the parking regulations. A strict law on alcohol would undoubtedly make them still more unpopular.

Spriggs favours a level equivalent to about three pints of beer or five whiskies. "We're averse to extremes in this country," he says. "In any case, you could always put the limit up or down if necessary. And the mere fact of a compulsory test would be a strong deterrent."

Such a law would force people to watch their drinking very carefully.

Punish the guilty

In countries where such a law is in force, it is possible to buy a simple indicator which shows at a glance how much a person of a given weight can take of a wide variety of drinks before reaching the danger level. A sixteen-stone man can drink more than an eight-stone woman and still be a reasonably safe driver.

Such a law would not only cut road deaths. It would ensure that the driver who was a real danger got his punishment. At the same time, the modest drinker who had kept within the limits would know that if he was arrested he would have an automatic defence.

Also, the police surgeon would no longer have to base his opinion solely on tests in which the public has little faith.

One Saturday night, Spriggs asked an exuberant roisterer to walk down a police station corridor. "Any fool can walk," said the suspect. "I'll hop it for you." Squatting down on his haunches, he leaped along like a frog. "Now, Doctor," he panted when he arrived back, "drunk or sober, I bet *you* can't do that."

Spriggs admits that such an incident may be amusing. "But on the road, that man was dangerous." THE END

She hissed and snarled and scratched like the wild beast who reared her. Yet to Lambert she was suddenly the most precious thing on earth

The bear-girl of Ayarpatti

WITH a rush, the black Himalayan bear came out of the thorn thicket. Lambert spun round, his rifle already at his shoulder. The bear came on over the rocks, upright, grunting, forelegs outspread, to the attack. The white V on its chest shone like a shield.

Lambert aimed at the white mark and fired. The bear staggered, pirouetted slowly, crumpled, and rolled to his feet. It lay there quivering. Lambert's second shot killed it.

He stood looking down at it, his right cheek twitching violently. Partap Singh, the *shikari*, came and stood beside him.

For a long moment neither man spoke. Then Partap Singh bent down and turned the bear's body over.

"A she-bear," he said quietly. He straightened up and studied the thorn thicket speculatively. "She attacked without any provocation. Perhaps...."

"A cub?" Lambert said. It was more a statement than a question. This was the way it always was, he thought. The mother rushing to protect her child; like Jean, throwing herself across the room to protect Sarah's tiny body from the thunder of the falling rafters. He thrust the memory from him and looked up at the tangle of thorn bushes. "In there," he said.

They stepped over the dead bear and on to the rocks. They skirted the thicket silently. Lambert in rubber soles, and Partap Singh with bare feet. From the high ground above it, they peered into the labyrinth of thorn.

"Under that rock," Partap Singh said.

Lambert worked his way along the edge of the thicket.

"There must be a way," he said. "The bear must have had some way through this. . . ."

Partap Singh clutched his arm.

"Listen!" he said.

From the heart of the rock came a tiny wail. As they listened, the wail grew into a full-throated howl. A human howl.

"Good God!" Lambert exclaimed.

HE thrust through the tearing tendrils, careless of the shreds of skin and fragments of khaki shirt he left behind. He could hear Partap Singh thrashing behind him, cursing softly. Blood streamed down their arms and legs.

The earth at the base of the rock was dark and soft. Lambert jumped down lightly and looked under. At first, in the darkness of the shallow cave, he

by RICHARD BUSHER

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

continued from previous page

saw nothing, but the howling went on.

Suddenly it stopped. Then he saw her.

She was tiny. About four years old. She cowered in the darkness like a wild thing, her brown naked back hard against the rock. Her teeth were bared in a kind of snarl but she made no sound. Her black hair was matted.

Lambert crawled towards her, making foolish little clucking sounds.

"Be careful, *sahib*!"

Partap Singh's warning came too late. She sprang, clawing like a cat. Her long nails were like talons. Lambert scrambled backwards, his hand to his bleeding cheek. She retreated to her former position, her breath hissing.

"Let me," Partap Singh whispered.

He took the water-bottle and haversack from his shoulders and slipped off his old khaki jacket. With the jacket spread in front like a gladiator's net, he elbowed himself forward.

The child watched, and as Partap Singh was almost in reach, she sprang again. He folded her neatly into the jacket. She buried her teeth in his arm. He swore but did not let go. He backed out with her struggling violently in his arms.

Lambert prised open the small clenched mouth and stuffed his rolled up handkerchief between her teeth, tying it firmly behind her neck. She spluttered and kicked, then suddenly slumped, sobbing piteously.

Looking at the crinkled, tear-stained, small brown face, Lambert saw again the bloodless face of his own daughter whom he had held in his arms more than twenty years ago. . . .

Doctor Chowdhury's lilting voice droned on soothingly from the chair.

". . . and so, my friend, you must prepare yourself for the worst. Of course, we will do our best, but we have so little to work on. These cases are so rare."

Lambert's mind wandered. He looked out through the window at the limpid green of the lake in the valley. A single rowing-boat lay close inshore in the shade of the weeping willows, its reflection motionless in the water. In the stern a man in a round white cap and with a grey muffler round his throat cast a fishing-line again and again.

In the hollow between lake and mountain nestled the red roofs of the Ayarpatti bazaar. Opposite, on the oak-clad slopes over the lake, Lambert saw the whitewashed walls of the cottages peeping out of the surrounding green, falling like stepping-stones to the water, his own red-roofed home among them. It was very peaceful.

"When I was a small boy," the doctor was saying, "they brought in a child, a young lad of six or seven, whom they said they had found wandering with a herd of black buck."

"I remember the case," Lambert said. "I was new to the country then, fresh out from England, and the papers were full of it."

He paused. It was a long time ago. He was a second lieutenant then. The world was full of polo and dances. Jean was only just leaving school, although even then he knew that one day he would marry her.

He turned to face the doctor, his outspread fingers combing his greying hair. "They couldn't get the lad to eat, could they? He died, didn't he?"

"Yes," Doctor Chowdhury said softly, "he died."

Lambert's eyes wandered to the window again. A white hill-pony carrying a small richly-dressed Indian boy was coming up the gravelled road from the lake. Pony and rider were dappled by the shadows of the great horse-chestnut trees flanking the road, and the pony's hooves kicked up the fallen pink petals in the dust.

Peace, Lambert thought. That's what brought me back here. Peace. And now . . . ? "Have I again to watch helplessly while a child dies. And, worse, again to be the cause of it?"

He shut his eyes, but on the red lids the pictures flickered, unchecked. All the scenes he could not forget, . . .

Quetta, 1935. The white buildings of the cantonment. The sitting-room of their house, with Jean his wife, and Sarah's photograph on the mantel, and he studying for his examination.

And then. . . . The earth quivering and groaning like a demented thing. The shaking walls. The falling plaster. The splitting roar as the roof opened up and the rafters fell, and he ran for safety through the open door. . . . And then the muffled cries from the heart of the rubble and choking dust, and the mad rush back to do what he should have done in the first place. . . .

The unearthly stillness. The servants and neighbours scrabbling frantically by his side at the earth and rubble, until they found her. Found Jean; or, rather, the torn and bleeding body that once had been Jean, spreadeagled over the body of the child.

The long waiting then, pacing the sterile white corridors, while the doctors tried to save the child. *His* child. His Sarah. . . .

Doctor Chowdhury's hand touched his elbow. He stared up into the dark face.

"That was Sarah, my own daughter," he muttered. "That was different. *This* girl isn't even human. . . ."

The doctor said: "Drink this," and watched as Lambert grimaced and gulped down the acrid amber stuff. With his handkerchief the doctor dabbed the beads of sweat from Lambert's forehead. Slowly, the violent twitching of Lambert's cheek subsided.

"I don't know why this should affect me so. I expect it's because I somehow feel responsible."

"Don't talk rot, Major Lambert," the doctor said, addressing him by his full name, as he always did when he was angry. "The bear attacked you, didn't it? What else could you do?" He put his handkerchief in his pocket and sat down. "Besides, I doubt if the child would have lived, anyway. What would she have done, alone in the jungle, once the bear had deserted her, as she would desert her own cubs when they were big enough?"

Lambert sat silent. Outside, in the corridor, he heard the swish of a nurse's starched skirt. Somewhere a clock chimed three.

"Surely," he said at last, "there is something I can do?"

Doctor Chowdhury shook his head. "Nothing at all, my friend. At present she is drugged. When the drug wears off perhaps she will be calmer, more amenable. We'll try her again then

continued on page 43

No, Like This!

"I'm selling tickets for the clock-tower preservation fund raffle: you'd better take six. That's no way to lag pipes."

"I wonder whether, by any chance, you know the right way?"

"The first thing is to coat them with a quick-setting transparent casing."

"The *very* first thing?"

"After you've cleaned them thoroughly with a chemical scourer that does not react with the metal, of course. Then you fix pads of glass-wool in position with metal tape held by rivets."

"I see; the tape holds the wool and the rivets hold the tape. What holds the rivets?"

"The middle covering ought to be animal wool, compressed to one-eighth and bound in *pure* sackcloth."

"What colour?"

"Then outside that the proper thing is asbestos-and-nylon binding."

"And then I suppose you fix infra-red lamps every few feet."

"Oh, if you don't *want* me to help. . . ."

GEOFFREY RICHARDS

Rare Compliment

The thing a middle-ager finds
Most flattering of all
Is any suit that's three years old
And not too small.

HAL CHADWICK

PERSONAL COLUMN

HUMPTY. We are being watched. Dumpty.

HUMPTY. Horsewhip awaits you. Dumpty's Father.

WILL the Distinguished-Looking Gentleman who changed a wheel for the lady in the red two-seater at Marble Arch ring Mercury 1454 as she has another flat tyre.

ARABIAN Prince urgently requires three dozen ENGLISH NANNIES. JB 431.

WANTED: Young gentleman of good personality and social connections to sell TIARAS. Enormous scope. JB 432.

CAN you feign indigestion? Can you assume a hangover? Can you imitate a lumbago sufferer? These and other useful arts taught by the Commercial Television Drama School. Enrol now.

DEAF ON HER HONEY-MOON! Mrs. J—— W—— went through agonies until she found her ears were stopped with confetti. Support the Anti-Confetti League now.

EARN £10 a Week at Home, making Sawdust. Healthy exercise for all the family. Saw supplied, find own timber. JB 433.

CHILD Actor, taking up residence in Switzerland for tax reasons, wishes to find good home for Chauffeur. JB 434.

END OF WORLD next month? Send stamped ad-

E. S. TURNER

Language Class

We must remember, Mr. Pfaffer, that phrases we pick up from television—even from the B.B.C. channel—are not always those most appropriate in polite society. It is perfectly true that the colourful idiomatic phrase, "Not on your Nelly," expresses emphatic dissent of a good-humoured kind and has, as you say, been used on occasion by Ministers of the Crown. The phrase does not alter, by the way, if the person you are addressing happens to be called Ada: I am sure that was not the cause of whatever slight embarrassment might have been felt.

But in the circumstances you have described, when the Lady Mayoress asked you if you would like another cup of tea, a simple, "No, thank you," might have been more suitable.

Your exclamation of, "Cor, shoot the sparrows," when your party was shown into the Town Hall gardens, may well have startled your hosts. The phrase, "Stone the crows," which you possibly had in mind, is one of jocular surprise among the less cultured. Even if you had remembered it correctly, "How nice" would probably have been a better way to indicate your appreciation of the high standard of municipal landscape gardening.

The adjective "perishing" is one I should advise you to forget altogether. . . .

PATRICK GOLDRING

Parental Prerogative

I minimize my children's brains,
Pooh-pooh their little talents.
I gravely doubt reported gains
And strike a minus balance.
I sigh about their manners and
Their looks—you can't deny it.
But this I hope you understand:
You'd *better never try it.*

RICHARD ARMOUR

Ruthless Dave Charnley slams Sammy McCarthy. Now he is nicknamed, "Pocket Marciano"

Dave Charnley has NO TIME FOR PITY

Behind him he leaves a trail of battered victims. Ahead . . . there could be a world title

by ROBERT HOLLES

ARTHUR BOGGIS, manager of the British lightweight boxing champion, walked into his fighter's dressing-room at Streatham arena. Dave Charnley was lying asleep on the massage table. Boggis roused him: "Come on, Dave, you're on next."

Charnley got up, put on his dressing-gown and waited patiently until it was time for him to enter the ring for his fight against the Belfast boxer, Jimmy Brown.

The contest—a warming-up bout before Charnley's world championship fight with the coloured holder, Joe Brown, in America this week—followed the usual pattern of his bouts against all but the very best opposition. From the first bell he moved forward with a battery of bruising hooks and uppercuts which sapped his opponent's resistance. By the eighth round, when the referee stopped the contest, Brown had been thrashed to a standstill.

"There are two sides to Dave," says his manager. "In the ring he never lets up on an opponent,' but outside it he tries to please everybody. People who have seen him fight have been surprised when they've met him later and discovered he's a perfect gentleman."

In his capacity as a fighter, Charnley's controlled ferocity, coupled with his compact, muscular physique, has earned him such titles as "The Toy Bulldog" and "The Pocket Marciano." Of his thirty-nine fights since turning professional in 1954 he has lost five, drawn one, and won thirty-three. Four of the five defeats were hotly disputed by ringside critics; one, against the Frenchman, Guy Gracia, nearly caused a riot. All of them are bitterly regretted by Charnley, who has never been knocked out in twelve years of amateur and professional boxing.

"When he gets in the ring," says Boggis, "Dave regards whoever is in there with him as somebody trying to steal his livelihood."

A natural southpaw—he leads with his right hand—Charnley has never been known to

continued on page 32

OLIVIER

The 'TIPPED' cigarette of the day

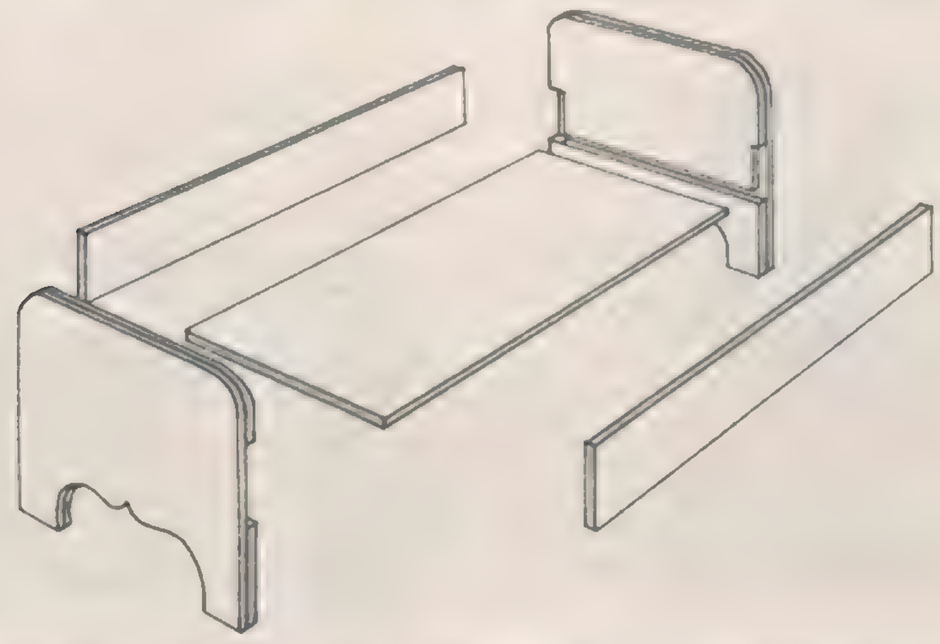
MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME by Roger Smithells

5 presents to make

In plenty of time for this year's Christmas, use the evenings to make your own family presents

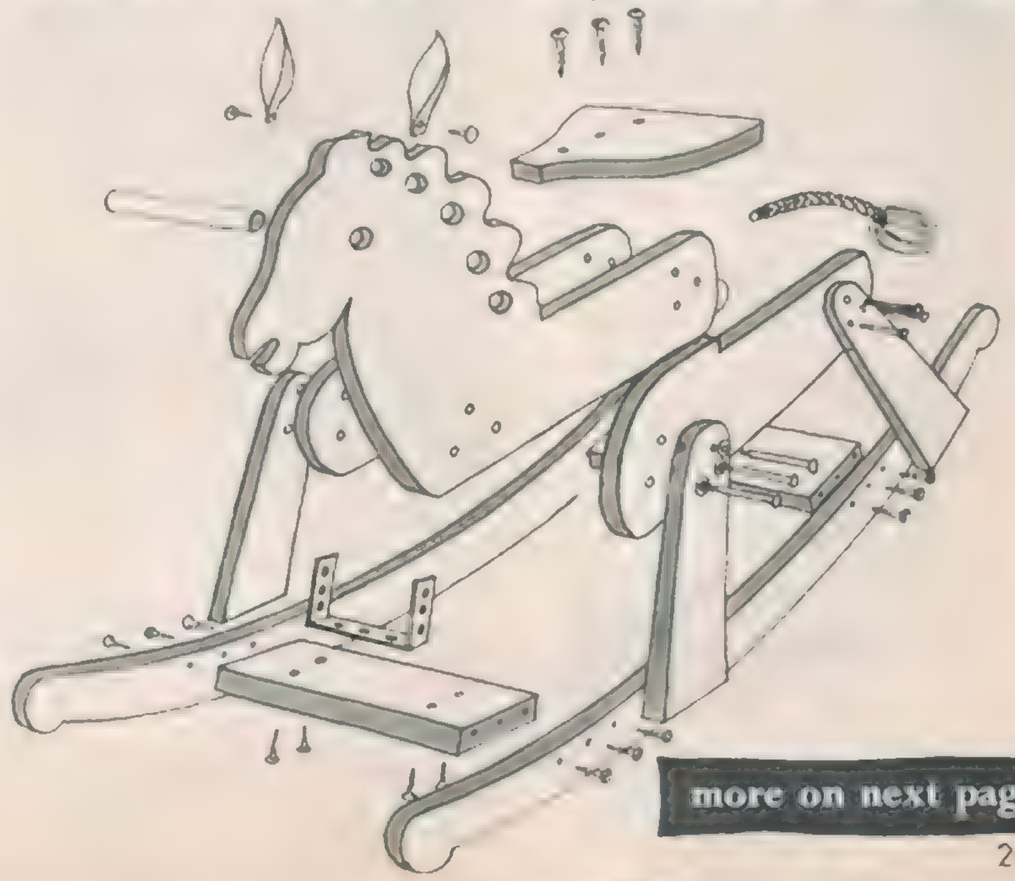
Sweet dreams for a Doll

A SIMPLE bed for a doll, which could be made in a couple of evenings by Father, with Mother supplying the bedclothes. It is made of ¼-in. plywood and the size can be adapted to the needs of the favourite doll. Cut out bottom and side pieces of the same length, and end pieces to fit. Then shape the inner end pieces to hold the side and bottom pieces together, flush at the sides, as shown. Glue the inner and outer end pieces together to make up a double thickness, and side and bottom pieces to form a trough. Slot into end pieces and glue the whole bed together. Finish with a coat of paint, or varnish, and decorate with a floral-patterned, stick-on transfer.



Make a Rock-horse

A ROCKING-HORSE is always a nursery favourite, and this simple one can be knocked up in the average workshop. The body is made of 1½-in. whitewood. The rockers are made of South African mahogany, cut 3 ft. 6 in. long, out of a plank 3 ft. 6 in. by 9 in. by 2 in. The horse should be high enough for a child to sit with its feet on the rocker and legs comfortably bent. A good average height is 1 ft. 3 in. The legs and body are bolted through with 5½-in. coach bolts, with washers, all countersunk and plugged. The body pieces are glued and screwed together with 3½-in. screws, all countersunk. The metal straps to secure the legs are 1½-in. strips bent to give a space of 3¾ in. between legs. Paint the horse white, with black hooves, mane and eyes, and red rockers, mouth, nostrils and handhold. Folded pieces of black leather make the ears. The tail is a 4-in. rope-end bound with waxed thread.



Pretty as a picture

CUT the shade from parchment or plastic and choose black-and-white or coloured pictures from magazines to decorate it. Lay face down on the lampshade and sketch round. Fill in the outline with Chintex Myxy-Max, applying a second coat after an hour. Press picture down, face downwards, and leave overnight. Remove the top layer of paper with a wet rag, according to instructions. Myxy-Max and softening solution 5s., post 1s. 6d., from Chintex, Yatton Court, Beaford, near Winkleigh, North Devon.

more on next page

Off the Record

A simple wall-vase holder made by bending an old record into a cone shape and painting with bright lacquer.

Table-mat holder, made in the same way. This could be decorated with an attractive motif on the front.

How to do it. You must use old 78-r.p.m. records for this. A small chip does not matter, but cracked discs are no use. Fill a bowl with very hot, not boiling, water. Put in the record and leave it until it becomes soft. Remove from water and mould it with your hands until it has taken shape. If it sets hard before you have finished put it back in the hot water to soften it again. Finish with oil paint or plastic enamel.

Print a Cushion

This cushion has been decorated with a lino-cut design, printed with washable, fadeproof fabric printing ink. You will need the fabric remnant, preferably a fairly smooth weave, an old piece of thick linoleum, and a couple of lino-cutting tools, a tube of Winsor & Newton's "Wintex" fabric painting colour and a rubber roller, all of which you can buy from an art shop. Most useful tools are a vee, for outlining, and a larger gouge, for scooping out background. Choose a simple design with thick lines.

Rolling the ink on to the lino. Squeeze the ink from the tube on to a smooth surface—an old piece of glass is ideal. Spread it with the roller. If it needs it you can thin the ink very slightly with turpentine or white spirit. Do not over thin or the ink may spread on the fabric and get out of control.

Print by placing the lino carefully face down on the fabric, pressing down firmly, and rubbing over the back with your fingers. Position by sketching one of the lines of the pattern on the backing to match up the design. This process can be used to print all-over designs as well.

5 presents to buy

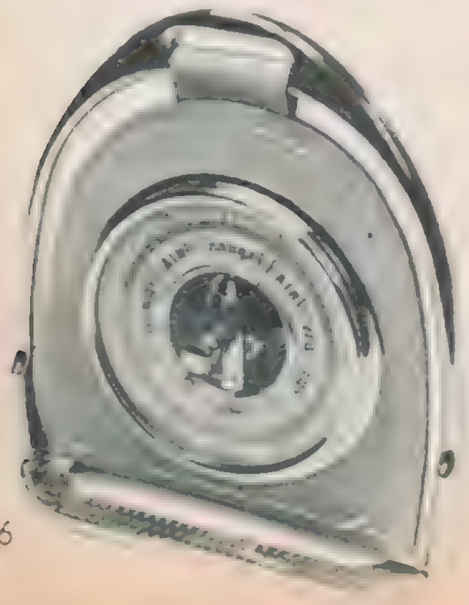
Gay ball candles at 5s. 3d. will burn for 6 hours. Columnar candles 6s. each, 9 hours. Price's Patent Candle Co. Ltd.

Instead of a piggy bank—a gay red and blue striped china ant-eater for someone's savings. Manufactured by Rörstrand of Sweden, the price 17s.

Make a cup of tea in 2½ minutes with this portable, 3½-in. long immersion heater. Price 10s. 6d. From Selfridges

This noiseless dryer cannot cause TV or radio interference. The price is £3 7s. 4d. By Morphy Richards

An elegant stirrup-mounted barometer in real pigskin. Price £2 10s. By Vantage Leathergoods Company



20 small gifts for stockings

1. Plastic packet of marbles. 2. "Matchbox Toys"—tiny model car. 3. Tube of Rowntree's Smarties. 4. Plastic ink-blot, or trick pencil. 5. Gold mesh bag of chocolate money. 6. A pair of plastic scissors. 7. Several sheets of coloured paper. 8. A coloured sugar mouse or pig. 9. Untearable linen picture book. 10. One Christmas cracker. 11. Water painting book—no mess. 12. A set of Chinese puzzles. 13. Walking-stick of peppermint rock. 14. A packet of sweet cigarettes. 15. A small jig-saw puzzle. 16. A rubber axe or sword. 17. A cardboard doll with cut-out clothes. 18. A yo-yo. 19. For boys—a toy watch. 20. For girls—a "diamond" ring.

And don't forget the traditional apple, walnut and tangerine wrapped up in silver paper.

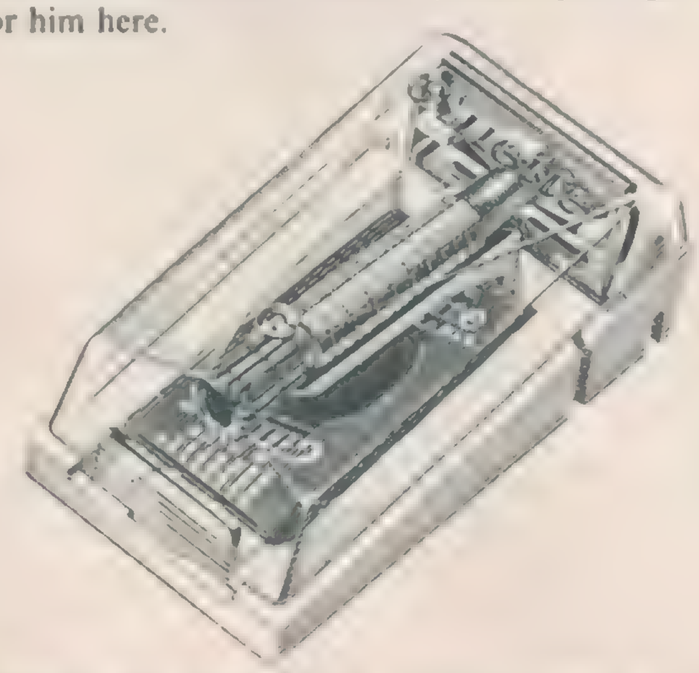
ROGER SMITHELLS WILL HELP YOU

with your home-making problems. Write to him at "John Bull: Everybody's Weekly," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for a reply. Send a rough drawing where this will make your problem clearer

The only man in the family who wouldn't say thank you for a new Gillette razor this Christmas

(and that's because he can't talk yet)

HERE'S the gift for every man on your list. A bright, shiny, new one-piece Gillette razor. It'll give him the easiest, cleanest, smoothest shaves of his life. The one-piece razor is specially made to go with the Gillette quick-feed dispenser. Twist open – blade in – twist shut – shave! A real man's shave. Choose your gift for him here.



Gillette 60 Special 5/- Up-to-the-minute one-piece Gillette razor with quick-feed dispenser of 4 Blue Gillette blades.

Gillette Travel Set 13/6
Highly finished nickel-plated one-piece Gillette razor in handsome pigskin-style travel case with dispenser of 6 Blue Gillette blades.

Gift Card of 10 Blue Gillette blades 3/3
Quick-feed dispenser of 10 Blue Gillette blades on gay gift card for tree or stocking.

Gillette Presentation Set 25/-
Magnificent gold-plated Gillette razor in superb presentation case with dispenser of 10 Blue Gillette blades.

THIS
HAPPY CHRISTMAS
GIVE

Gillette

THE GOLDEN DEED by ANDR

JOHN MELLANBY was living a nightmare. A man named Keith Roscoe had saved his wife, Sally, and his boy from drowning, and the Mellanbys had invited him to stay. Through Roscoe they met George Sherston. And it was Sherston who started the fight in which Mellanby killed Roscoe with a chair. . . .

There'd been terrible provocation for Sherston. Roscoe, an admitted criminal posing as an ex-officer, had tried to rape his lovely wife, Eve.

Roscoe was merely unconscious when Sherston took him away to his caravan on a quarry site in Blackett's Lane. But, in the night, Sherston rang to say he was dead. When Mellanby reached the quarry, Sherston was shovelling earth on Roscoe's corpse—deep in a grave.

Sick at heart, Mellanby agreed to hush up the affair—it was that or prison, Sherston said. He took a case full of Roscoe's things to the quarry, and Sherston buried this, too. Then the Sherstons left the district.

But Mellanby's troubles hadn't ended. To avoid police inquiries he paid back £7,000 Roscoe had swindled from an old man named Faulkner. Then another blow fell: the announcement of road works in Blackett's Lane. Roscoe's grave was sure to be found.

To avert discovery, Mellanby first reburied Roscoe's case at a safe distance. Then suspicion struck him. Sherston had dug Roscoe's grave impossibly quickly. What really happened? Had Sherston killed the unconscious Roscoe? Mellanby had to know the truth. He had to trace George Sherston. . . .

But, meanwhile, Roscoe's body had to be moved. Inspecting Blackett's Lane that morning, Mellanby found highways department gear already at the site. If he and Sally were to move Roscoe at all, they had to do it quickly.

Together they

all had lived with a

knew someb

wa

FINAL INSTALMENT

WHEN Mellanby reached the quarry, one glance was enough to tell him it would be hopeless to attempt anything that night. The bushes surrounding the grave were standing in a pool of water, like mangroves in a swamp. In places the pool was several inches deep. The field across the way looked drier on the surface, but the spongy soil proved to be saturated. A hole dug there would fill up straight away.

In a very worried frame of mind, he drove home to tell Sally the news. As he braked in the drive, he heard the telephone ring. He walked quickly into the house. Sally was taking the call in the sitting room. She broke off as he entered, said, "Here he is—he's just come in" and handed the receiver over.

It was one of the motoring organizations. "Hallo, Mr. Mellanby," the official said. "Well, we've got a bit of news for you—we have located the caravan. It's on the Forestry Commission camping site in the Forest of Dean, in Gloucestershire."

"Good." Mellanby jotted down the directions. He chatted for a moment to the official, then he hung up and turned to Sally, who'd been excitedly following the conversation beside him. "Well, there we are. It looks as though the showdown with Sherston is going to be sooner than we thought. Come on, we'll have to go to Gloucestershire."

Finding the Sherstons was not quite so easy as Mellanby had hoped. With Sally driving, they went straight to the camping ground in the Forest of Dean—but the Sherstons had left. For a moment Mellanby was on the point of despair. But he struck lucky. A cheerful man in tight shorts who had been the Sherstons' neighbour on the site remembered that they had left for Trefant Park Wood, a few miles to the west of Monmouth.

It was nearly one o'clock when they dropped steeply down into the little town of Monmouth. Mellanby managed to buy an inch-to-the-mile map of the district before the shops shut, and by half past two they had lunched, and reached Trefant Park. It turned out to be mainly an unfenced area, very like a continuation of the Forest of Dean but without plantations. While Sally drove, Mellanby inspected each entrance to it, peering through the openings in the trees for any sign of the caravan.

By mid-afternoon they had made a circuit of the area and still found no trace of it. Then they began the more arduous part of the search—the combing of the interior. One by one, they explored the silent tracks that ran deep into the wood. Sometimes they were saved trouble by the absence of tyre marks in a soft surface. Sometimes they had to continue through a maze of drives for miles. Several times they got lost. It was a relief when, from time to time, they came upon patches of more open moorland country. Where the ground was undulating, it was possible to scan wide sweeps through the glasses they had brought with them, and save much time. There were places, though, that needed a closer look—a quick sortie on foot to inspect likely looking spots, half-hidden by gorse or scrub, or cut off by the contours.

IT was at one of these, in the late afternoon when they had almost given up hope, that they found what they were looking for. They had turned off the road along a firm, stony track that almost at once emerged from woodland into an open expanse of heather-dotted turf. According to the map, the track wound its way down to a shallow valley a quarter of a mile ahead, with a stream and more trees beyond. The valley wasn't immediately visible, because of a hump in the ground. Once over the hump, a beautifully secluded and picturesque spot was revealed—and there, beside the stream, were the cream caravan and the Chrysler.

Sally stopped the car. She looked as though she couldn't quite believe it. Mellanby, with a grunt of satisfaction, examined the caravan through his glasses.

Sally reached for a cigarette, and lit it. "How do you feel, darling?"

"Pretty keyed up."

"So do I. I wish they hadn't stopped in quite such an isolated place."

"Why?" said Mellanby. "You're not expecting Sherston to get violent, are you?"

"I shouldn't think so—though if he did kill Roscoe. . . ."

"*If.*" Then he said: "I'm sure there's nothing to worry about, Sally . . . let's go."

Sally drove over to the camping place. As she braked beside the Chrysler, the caravan door opened and Eve Sherston looked inquiringly out. For a moment she just stared at them, her expression blank and unwelcoming. Then she smiled. It was the familiar, fascinating smile—but this time you could almost hear it click on.

"Well, of all things." She turned and called into the caravan. "George, it's the Mellanbys!"

Sherston appeared in the doorway beside her. He, too, looked pretty blank. "Why, hallo, you two. This is a surprise." His tone grew heartier. "Nice to see you again—do come along in. How did you manage to find us?"

"It wasn't too difficult," Mellanby said. "We got the motoring people to help. How are you both?"

"We're fine, thanks—been enjoying a good rest, haven't we, Eve? Needed it, too, after that business in Bath. Well, what about a drink to celebrate?" He reached tentatively for a bottle from the table. There was whisky and sherry, Mellanby saw, and four clean glasses set out on a tray.

"We're expecting some friends along later," Sherston explained. "Nice young couple we met in Gloucester the other day—but they won't be here yet. Will you have something, Sally?"

"No thank you," Sally said.

"Nor for me," Mellanby said.

"Sure? Oh, well. . . ." Sherston looked hard at Mellanby, seeming suddenly to notice his seriousness. "Nothing wrong, is there?"

"As a matter of fact," Mellanby said, "there is. Things have been going wrong. That's why we're here."

"Oh, lord—bad news, eh? In that case, I think perhaps *I'll* have a drink, if you don't mind." Sherston poured himself a sizeable whisky, and drained it neat. After a moment he gave a wry grin. "Right—now I'm fortified. What's the trouble, John?"

Mellanby said slowly: "Well—the first thing that happened was a letter from a man whom Roscoe had defrauded of seven thousand pounds."

Sherston's jaw dropped. "*No!*"

"We were pretty shaken ourselves," Mellanby said.

"I'm not surprised. Do you mean the letter was to you?"

"No, it was to Roscoe. From a man named Faulkner. There'd been some correspondence between them and he knew the address."

"What did the letter say?"

"It said Faulkner was going to put the police on to Roscoe. I knew we couldn't risk any inquiries. So I went to see Faulkner and paid him the seven thousand pounds to keep him quiet. I said I was doing it out of gratitude to Roscoe."

"*Well!*" Sherston looked utterly taken aback. "Why on earth didn't you get in touch with me right away?"

Mellanby shrugged. "I had to move quickly—it was a question of hours."

"I see. Well, I'll pay my share, of course, if you don't mind waiting a bit."

"That wasn't the worst problem," Mellanby said grimly. "We learned a few days ago that the council are going to widen Blackett's Lane. They're bound to break up the verges—and if Roscoe's body is still there when they do, they'll find it."

SHERSTON sat very still. There was a moment of absolute silence. Eve's lovely complexion had turned blotchy.

"God, what a piece of lousy luck!" Sherston said. "Who'd ever have thought of a thing like that? A narrow bloody lane that leads nowhere!" He broke off, his face dark. "Well, we'll have to get to work again, that's all—move the body to a new place. . . ."

"Sally and I have already been at work," Mellanby said quietly.

"*What?*" There was a sharper note

There was a silence. Sherston's face darkened, and he took the cigarette from his mouth. "We'll have to move the body," he said

ILLUSTRATED BY BJARNASON

EW GARVE

had hidden the body. And

guilty secret. Now they

body was bound to find . . .

The Waiting Cage

The golden deed

continued from page 28

in Sherston's voice now—sharper and more apprehensive than the situation seemed to warrant, unless he had some secret sense of guilt about the body.

"Sally and I have already moved the suitcase," Mellanby said. "We'd no idea it would be so easy to find you—we thought we'd better go ahead on our own. It was quite a job—we spent the greater part of a night out there."

SHERSTON had quickly recovered his poise. "Hell, I really am sorry about this, John. You and Sally have been carrying the whole thing on your shoulders. Anyway, *I'll* take care of the body—you needn't worry about it any more. I can manage it on my own."

Mellanby felt almost sure now. With a glance at Sally, he moved in to the assault. "You certainly dig much faster than I do," he said.

There was a moment of silence. Then Sherston said: "I should—I'm a good bit stronger."

"Even so, I've been wondering how you managed to dig Roscoe's grave in less than an hour and a half."

"I just kept sweating at it."

Mellanby shook his head. "I don't think that was it. In fact, I know you couldn't have done it in the time."

Sherston ran his tongue over his dry lips. "What are you suggesting?"

"I'm not suggesting anything—yet. I'm asking you for an explanation."

"There's nothing to explain. You're wrong—that's all."

Mellanby spoke calmly. "I'm quite sure I'm not wrong. It's something I happen to know about."

Sherston shot a glance at Eve, avoiding Mellanby's eye. He said nothing.

"Of course," Mellanby went on, "one explanation could be that Roscoe was in a much worse state than I thought. Perhaps you *knew* he was going to die, and dug the grave in readiness?"

"Good God, you don't imagine...?"

"No—on the whole I don't think I do," Mellanby said. "There could be another explanation. Perhaps you killed him because you hated him."

"You must be out of your mind."

"Well," Mellanby said, "it's something we shall have no difficulty in checking up on when we move the body. When we move it, Sherston—you and I. If by any chance you did kill him, there'll be marks."

Very slowly, the look of outraged anger faded from Sherston's face, giving place to deep anxiety. From Eve in the corner came a breathless "Oh, God!"

The silence was broken by the clink of glass. Sherston was reaching for the whisky bottle, pouring himself another tot. "Well, John," he said, "you've got me against the ropes, so it looks as though I'll have to tell you the truth."

Mellanby waited.

"I've been afraid this might happen, ever since the night. I thought you'd probably realize there hadn't been time for the digging. You're quite right, of course. I *did* kill him."

A LITTLE gasp of horror came from Sally. Eve, wild-eyed, looked up. "He didn't mean to, Sally."

"No," Sherston said, "I didn't mean to. It's true I hated him—more than anyone I've ever met—but I'd never have done that. You've got to believe me, John."

"What happened?"

Sherston took a long breath. "It was just after midnight. Eve had taken her tablets and was asleep on the bed over there—dead to the world. I was sitting out here, and Roscoe was on the bed in the end room—only half-conscious, I thought. Then, suddenly, there was a noise, and I looked up, and he was coming out, crazy-eyed and lurching a bit, with his hands raised in front of him. I could see he was going to attack me. I'd put the spanner down somewhere and I couldn't find it. There was only one thing to do—I got up and went for him with my fists."

He broke off. His face was shining with sweat and he mopped it a little. "Honestly, all I meant to do was stop him."

"Go on," Mellanby said.

"Well, he caught hold of me, and we struggled. He wasn't as strong as he had been, but he was still strong. I managed to get him back into the end room and we fell on his bunk together. He was like a wild animal—I knew he'd kill me if he got the chance. I was fighting for my life, John. When I suddenly felt my hands at his throat I gave him all I had. The next thing I knew, he'd sagged back, and I saw that he was dead. And that's the whole truth. I killed him—but I swear to God I never intended him to die. I was simply defending myself."

"Why didn't you tell me?" Mellanby said.

"I wanted to—but I didn't know whether you'd believe me or not. It couldn't have looked worse. You knew I loathed his guts—I'd said over and over again that he wasn't fit to live. It was I who'd suggested he should be brought along to the caravan. I was sure you'd think I'd meant to kill him all the time. I thought if I could get him underground and say I'd buried him for your sake as well as mine. I might just get away with it. So I dug the grave—and when I'd finished I rang you."

"And let me think *I'd* killed him," Mellanby said, in a flat voice.

Sherston gave a shamefaced nod. "It was a lousy trick, I know."

Mellanby passed a weary hand over his face. "What about Eve? You told her about it, I suppose? You didn't deceive her, too?"

"Yes," Eve said, "I knew. George woke me and told me what had happened, after—after Roscoe was dead. He told me what he was going to do, and I agreed. I take all my share of the blame. I was frightened. *I* didn't think you'd believe him, either, John. I'm sorry. I know how you must have worried."

Mellanby got slowly to his feet. "Well—there doesn't seem to be anything more to say about all this, does there?"

"What are you going to do?" Sherston asked. "I wish you'd tell me that."

"I don't know—you'll have to give me time."

"Is it worth my while to move the body?"

Mellanby shrugged. "Please yourself."

"I'll take a chance on you, then—I'll do it tonight."

"You can't, tonight. The place is under water. Digging just isn't possible."

"Then tomorrow night. You can forget about it, anyway—it's my responsibility now. I'll take care of everything. I don't expect you to forgive me, John, but I can't really believe you'll sacrifice Eve and me on account of Roscoe. Anyway, I'll give you a

continued on page 33

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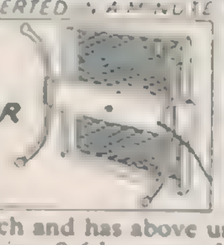

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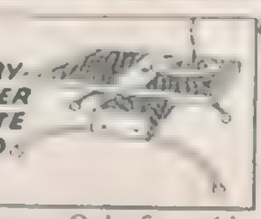

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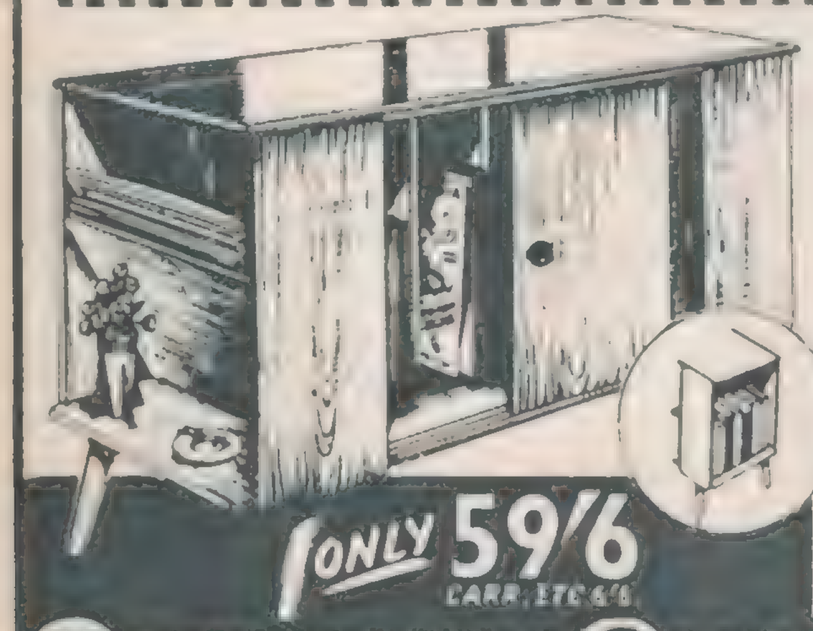

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THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS TODAY · 3

by Gilbert Harding

SLOTH

The enemy of joyful living

IN pubs, drawing-rooms and hairdressing saloons, in fact, everywhere I go, I seem to hear certain callous, whining phrases far too often: *I couldn't care less. . . . I can't be bothered. . . . What's the use? . . . I give up. . . . It doesn't matter. . . They've had it. . . .*

They are expressions to avoid, because if they are meant seriously they are signs of sloth, and if not, they are meaningless.

Many people think that sloth is the same thing as laziness. It is not. Most people are lazy over some things. We all know the hearty riser who is up and about at the crack of dawn—usually because he cannot sleep or does not want to—and who claims great credit for preparing his own breakfast, but who is too lazy to clear up the frightful mess he makes in the kitchen.

There are people who never fold a newspaper properly, others who find it tiresome to use an ashtray and prefer to scatter their cigarette ash all over the place. Some people cannot bother to clean their shoes; others don't reply to invitations which they cannot accept.

As a rule, laziness is not much more than an irritating habit, and it is the victim himself or his long-suffering wife who bears the brunt of it.

But sloth is very much worse than laziness. The lazy man is often quite content and sometimes happy, but these are states of mind unknown to the really slothful man. His mind is filled with a sort of sorrow, or despair, that other people should be kind, generous, industrious, while he just cannot make an effort. Nothing seems worth while to the slothful man. Life calls forth little from him but a grumble or a sneer.

The waitress's mistake

On a recent journey to the West Country with a friend, I stopped at a restaurant in a country town for lunch. I noticed when we sat down that the tablecloth was stained—always a bad sign—but I said nothing. The waitress took our order in stony, absent-minded silence, and I was not surprised when my friend received cabbage with his meat instead of the spinach he had ordered.

"It doesn't matter," he said, "let's not make a fuss."

I am of the opinion that this sort of thing does matter, so I made a fuss for him. When I pointed out her mistake to the waitress, she was offended rather than apologetic.

"What's the difference, it's all greens, isn't it?" she said. She took the plate away with a shrug, and brought it back five minutes later half cold.

I was so angry I got indigestion; my friend was irritated and sulky, and the waitress got no tip.

This is the way even a moment's slothfulness takes the joy out of life. The waitress just didn't care, so a meal that should have been a cheerful, relaxed, friendly break in a long journey was turned into a miserable waste of time and money.

Now I don't think that this sort of thing is nearly as widespread as angry writers of letters to the newspapers would have us suppose, but there is still too much of it. Too many of us are prepared to accept, indeed to offer and get away with, the second best and the third rate. I suppose it began with the war when we were all suffering from nervous exhaustion and overtaxed endurance, but the war has been over a long time, and the excuse no longer holds, if ever it did.

Waste of opportunity

There are many men who dare not be slothful in their approach to life. What would happen if the captain of the Queen Mary, or a jet pilot, navigated on "that ought to be near enough" terms? What if architects and bridge-builders "couldn't be bothered" to check their work?

Most people would rightly condemn such an attitude because it would lead to physical dangers, risked lives. Though sloth rarely involves physical danger, there is always moral and spiritual danger, not so easily measured, perhaps, but none the less real.

It is the sin of sloth which shows in the waste of talent or opportunity, that produces the might-have-beens of the world,

In my university days the time was so much more easily and pleasantly spent lazing on the river, or having tea and toasting muffins, or drinking beer, or talking late into the night to anyone who cared to listen, than on studying and writing about constitutional history and economics. It would have been just laziness except that I was wasting the opportunity of a lifetime. As a result, I finished what might have been a promising career with a third-class degree. In my days as an underpaid teacher in one private school after another, I often regretted the lost opportunities for work, and found myself bitterly remembering the lines from *Julius Caesar*:

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

The opposite of sloth is diligence—in other words, hard work and the joy of serving, either God or your neighbour, preferably both.

We all lately had an opportunity of being either slothful or diligent. Did we vote at the general election, and did we know why? What did we consider most important, the cost of living as it affects our own pockets, or the possibility of world peace? Did we, in fact, think at all? If we shrugged our shoulders and didn't care we came near to being guilty of the sin of sloth.

Do you drink too much? Are you in one way or another a thief? Do you tell lies? Are you ill-tempered? Are you a clock-watcher? A work-dodger? Most of us must say yes to at least one of these. The point is—do you care

You may even be frank enough to admit that you do some of these things diligently, but if you don't care, if you don't make an effort, either for your own sake or for that of other people, then you are a slothful person.

It is not only practising Christians who should worry about sin. You don't have to be a Christian to realize that the trials and tribulations of life are continually overcome with quite a small effort, and the greater the effort, the greater the victory.

There are many people who overcome the most frightful disabilities to lead a useful and enjoyable life. Think of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Sir Ian Fraser, Helen Keller, Christian Herter.

Gather ye rosebuds . . .

One day, a friend of mine, whom I have often admired for his energy and activity, seemed to me to be limping, and I asked him what was the matter. "I haven't got any legs, and occasionally these tin things wobble," he told me. I had never suspected.

We would do well sometimes to consider the wisdom of the old proverbs. There is sense in those urging us not to be slothful—*Make hay while the sun shines. . . . Gather ye rosebuds while ye may. . . . Early to bed, early to rise.*

The diligent, enthusiastic man can achieve almost anything; while the slothful man achieves nothing and enjoys nothing. THE END

NEXT WEEK: Gilbert Harding writes about envy

The day after winning his Empire title last May, Charnley goes out shopping with his wife Ruth. She sees most of his fights

Dave Charnley has no time for pity

continued from page 23

show any mercy once he has gained the upper hand.

He has frequently been seen to snarl while stalking an opponent round the ring. Between rounds he mutters threats against the other boxer, and is often impatient for the interval to finish so that he can get out and start throwing punches again.

Two of his opponents—Peter Waterman and Johnny Butterworth—retired from boxing immediately after taking a severe hammering from Charnley. Others, including Willie Lloyd and the former British champion, Joe Lucy, gave up the game soon after receiving the same treatment.

Pity for a beaten adversary is foreign to Charnley's nature. "He knows," says Boggis, "that they would do the same to him if they had the chance."

In April, 1958, after he had pounded Waterman—then the European welterweight champion—to a five-round defeat, Charnley was preparing to leave Harringay Arena when he was approached by Teddy Waltham, secretary of the British Boxing Board of Control. "You'd better come over and say a few words to Waterman," he said. "He's pretty badly cut up."

Reluctantly, Charnley padded behind Waltham to the dressing-room. After muttering a few words of apology to his battered opponent he made an excuse to leave. When he returned, Arthur Boggis asked: "How is he?" Charnley seemed anxious to get home. "He's all right," he said.

Outside the ring Charnley leads a quiet, almost monastic life. At the Royal Engineers' training depot near Farnborough, where he recently completed his national service as a physical training instructor, Corporal Charnley was never seen at camp social functions, went to bed regularly at nine, and returned from a long training run each morning before his less energetic companions had got out of bed.

Quiet little man

Soon after arriving at the camp he politely complained that the noise in the barrack room was robbing him of adequate sleep; he was given a separate room attached to the gymnasium.

An officer of his squadron says: "Charnley was constantly in training, and his manner was so unobtrusive that if he were not a boxing champion he would have gone through his national service unnoticed, like thousands of other young men."

Not long ago, Charnley sat in a West End barber's shop on the eve of one of his fights while another customer loudly discussed his prospects. When Charnley had left, without saying a word, the barber commented: "That was Mr. Charnley who's just gone out." The customer refused to believe that the sad-faced, soberly-dressed little man who had been sitting in the next chair was the British lightweight champion, until the barber produced a photograph to prove it.

Boggis finds his fighter easy to handle. "He leaves everything to me bar the fighting. If I told him I'd signed up for him to fight Ingemar Johannson it wouldn't upset him—he'd just go ahead with the preparations."

Charnley spars seventy-five rounds in training for each fight—well above the average—and keeps himself in fighting condition all the time. On a Sunday morning recently he went to see his father, who lives at Dartford, Kent. Soon after he arrived he excused himself and went to a nearby works gymnasium for a two-hour work-out. He drove home to nearby Bexley at eight o'clock, in order not to be late for bed.

"Dave has always led the same spartan life since the age of ten, when he first took up boxing," says his father, a Scots engineer who emigrated from Motherwell to Dartford in 1933. "He was watching some of the bouts at Dartford Boxing Club, and somebody asked him to try the gloves on. On his first appearance he stopped his opponent in the opening round."

Later, Charnley became a leading amateur. "From his first bout he always considered boxing a ruthless game," says his father. "Some of the thrashings he has handed out to amateurs have turned my stomach over."

After joining the Fitzroy Lodge club in 1953, Charnley boxed frequently for England, and in 1954 was chosen for the Empire Games in Vancouver. On his return he was invited by Earl Beatty, vice-patron of the Amateur Athletic Association, to join other members of the team at a "smoker" reunion in London. Charnley sent a brief letter, politely declining the invitation. "As I don't smoke, my time would be better employed with a couple of hours' training," he wrote.

When he turned professional he continued to work as a boilermaker at a Dartford engineering works until he became self-supporting as a boxer. Each morning he drove to work in an elderly second-hand car with his brother Will and a workmate from the same factory who had asked to be given a lift.

The workmate looked on the driver as a distant, inscrutable character who seldom took much part in the conversation. One morning, after he had been travelling to work in the car for more than a year, the workmate confided to Will Charnley: "I hear that Dave Charnley, the boxer who lives around here, has just won another fight. I wouldn't like to have *his* face, the way *he's* been knocked about."

Will Charnley called to the driver, who turned round, revealing his handsome, almost unmarked features; then he asked his workmate: "Who did you think has been driving you to work for the last twelve months?"

In December, 1956, Charnley married a local girl whom he had been courting for five years. Omitting the extravagance of a honeymoon, he immediately went into training for his fight against the Welsh champion, Willie Lloyd. Ruth Charnley has seen most of her husband's professional fights, but she remembers this one the best.

Most brutal fight

Lloyd had inflicted on Charnley his first defeat. Earlier the two men had boxed a draw. When they met for the third time, in January, 1957, the contest was one of the most brutal seen in a British ring for years. In a clinch in the sixth round, Charnley sustained a badly cut eye which threatened to end the fight. For the next six rounds he fought back ferociously. In the final round, after Lloyd had been battered to exhaustion, the referee decided to stop the fight in Charnley's favour. When he did so he virtually had to drag Charnley away from his prey. Ruth Charnley says: "Dave spat out his gumshield and kicked it out of the ring."

Nobody regards Charnley as a conversationalist. "He will never talk about boxing, or even say whether he expects to win." But in his occasional lighthearted moments he sometimes exhibits a lugubrious sense of humour. "When we were first married," says Ruth, "he showed me a scar on his back and said he had got it in a knife fight. It was only recently that I found out it was a carbuncle scar."

Calm and unexcitable—until he is in the ring—Charnley always arrives in the arena two hours early on the night of a fight.

He never studies the style of his adversary before a fight. "I just get in the ring with him," he says, "and feel my way out." In one fight, he handed out a slow, merciless hiding to the Belgian lightweight, Joe Woussem. The contest was eventually stopped in Charnley's favour ten seconds from the end of the tenth and final round. Afterwards he was criticized by a boxing correspondent for not ending his opponent's misery at an earlier stage.

Recalling the event, Charnley says: "There would have been no point in finishing the fight early. I needed the work-out."

THE END

The golden deed

continued from page 30

ring when the job's done, and hear the verdict. Okay?"

Mellanby gave a barely perceptible nod. "Let's go, Sally," he said.

They drove away in a brooding silence. Mellanby's face was set in a deep, puzzled frown. It wasn't until they reached the high road and turned for home that the silence was broken. Then Sally said: "What are you thinking, darling?"

"That it's been a ghastly business—and still is," Mellanby said.

Sally nodded. "I suppose it could have been worse, though. It *could* have been murder. And at least everything's explained now."

Mellanby grunted. Presently he said: "Would a semi-conscious man really become dangerous again so quickly?"

"I suppose he might."

"Wouldn't he show some sign? Sherston was only a few feet away from him—a change of breathing would have been enough. I'd have thought he'd have been more prepared. And could Eve have slept through a fight in the caravan? The din must have been terrific—you only have to step into the place to start it shaking."

MELLANBY fell silent again. He took out his pipe and began to fill it, using the last few shreds in his pouch.

"Can we stop in Monmouth and get some tobacco," he said.

"Of course." They were already entering the outskirts of the town and Sally began to look out for a shop. Most of them seemed to be shut. "It must be early closing day," she said.

"Oh, well, never mind. I'll probably be able to get some in Gloucester."

They continued through the town and crossed the river. As they approached the station Mellanby suddenly said: "There's one open," and pointed to a little shop.

Sally looked around for a place to stop. A train had just come in, and there were a lot of people and cars about on the narrow road. The station yard seemed the best place. She pulled in, and they walked back to the shop together and made the purchase.

As they approached the car again, Mellanby noticed a man strolling along near the kerb with a bundle of papers under his arm—a neatly dressed, elderly man with white hair. Mellanby gave a gasp of astonishment. Of all people, it was Charles Faulkner.

The old man looked even more startled than Mellanby. For a moment he stood stock still. Then a smile of pleasure spread over his face and he advanced with hand extended. "Mr. Mellanby! Well, you're the last person I expected to meet here."

"Extraordinary!" Mellanby said, staring. Then he remembered that Sally didn't know the man. "Sally, this is Charles Faulkner—I took that cheque to him, remember?"

Faulkner gave Sally an old-fashioned bow. "A really remarkable coincidence," he said. "Well, how are you, Mellanby? No further trouble over that scoundrel Roscoe, I hope."

"No," Mellanby said.

"I'm glad to hear that. I still think your husband's action was quixotic, Mrs. Mellanby, but I must admit his generosity has made a great difference to me." Faulkner's shrewd eyes dwelt on Mellanby for a moment. "Do you often come to these parts?"

"Very rarely—we've been visiting some people we know. What are *you* doing, Mr. Faulkner—having a holiday? Mellanby was looking at the papers under Faulkner's arm.

"That's right," Faulkner said, "just for a few days. I've always been fond of the Forest of Dean—especially at this time of year."

"It's certainly very fine," Mellanby agreed. "You're staying here in Monmouth, are you?"

For a fraction of a second, Faulkner seemed to hesitate. "Yes," he said.

"At the Crown? It's a nice inn—we had an excellent lunch there today."

"No." Again there was that trace of hesitation. "I'm at the King's Arms—it's also very good." Faulkner smiled benignly at Sally. "Are you spending the night at the Crown? If so, perhaps you'd care to join me in a glass of something after dinner?"

"That's very kind of you," Sally said, "but we're actually on our way home now. Children, you know. . . ."

"Ah, yes." Faulkner glanced at the car. "Well, in that case I mustn't detain you. It's been very pleasant to meet you again, Mellanby. I shall always be grateful to you. Goodbye, Mrs. Mellanby." He smiled again, and raised his hat, and walked slowly away.

"What a sweet old boy!" Sally said, as they got back into the car.

"Yes," Mellanby said, in a preoccupied tone. He was watching the retreating figure. As Sally turned the Rover in the direction of Gloucester, he swivelled round and continued to look through the rear window. Faulkner had stopped walking, and was gazing after them. Then there was a sharp bend in the road, and Mellanby lost sight of him.

"Well—extraordinary isn't the word for it," he said.

"It's the kind of thing that's always happening, darling."

"Oh, I know one often meets acquaintances in the oddest places, but. . . ." He broke off, frowning. "*I'd* have said he'd just come off that train."

"What makes you say that?"

"Why, the papers he had under his arm—a *Times*, a *Spectator*, and *Punch*. Just the thing for his journey from London—but an odd collection to carry about otherwise."

"Was it a London train?"

"I don't know," Mellanby said.

He relapsed into silence again. The car sped on. They had covered several miles when Mellanby suddenly said: "Do you mind stopping again, Sally—at a telephone box? I'd just like to make sure about something."

They went on for another mile. Then Sally braked. "Well, there's your box."

Sally watched him enter the box, look up a number, and dial. She saw him talking. His face looked strained. He talked for only a moment or two. Then he came quickly back to the car.

"Well?" she said.

"Faulkner isn't staying at the King's Arms—they say they don't know him there."

Sally stared at him. "But that's fantastic. Why should he say he was?"

"He had to say something, because I pressed him. Sally, I'll swear he'd just come off that train. I believe he was waiting for someone to pick him up."

"But wouldn't he have said so? He didn't have to tell us he was staying."

"He might not have wanted us to know he'd come down for some special purpose. Sally, I don't believe meeting him there was just a coincidence. Think of it. We come here because we want to talk to the Shersons about Roscoe, and we meet a man I've only seen once before in my life, who is

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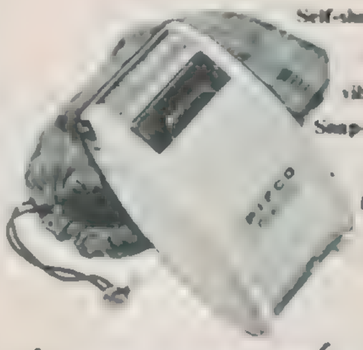

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continued from previous page

connected with Roscoe as much as we are. It's almost incredible that that could be just by chance. *And* he told us a phoney story. If you ask me, there's something very, very odd going on I may be wrong—but I've got to make sure. Sally, let's go back to the caravan."

Twenty minutes later they were on the slope overlooking the camp. At Mellanby's suggestion, Sally stopped the Rover, and they went cautiously forward on foot till they could see over the brow.

"Look—there's another car," Sally said.

Once again Mellanby studied the camp through his glasses. The second car, parked beside the Chrysler, was a smart Riley saloon. The caravan door was open, but the van itself appeared to be empty.

"I believe they're sitting out on the other side of it," Mellanby said. "I can see someone's foot."

"Their guests must have arrived, darling—the young couple. Faulkner wouldn't have a car here, not if he came by train."

"That's true." Mellanby looked a bit deflated. "Still, we may as well make sure, now we're here."

"Won't we have to have some reason for coming back?"

Mellanby thought for a moment. Then he took his gold watch from his wrist and slipped it into his pocket. "I lost my watch somewhere," he said. "The strap broke. That'll do."

They walked back to the Rover and got in. Mellanby said: "I should let her run down in neutral—it'll be quieter." Sally took the brake off and the car slowly gathered speed, trickling silently down the grassy track and coming to rest almost exactly opposite the Riley. Mellanby got out quickly, and together they walked round to the other side of the caravan.

A RUG lay on the grass in the yellowing evening sun, with bottles on a tray beside it. There were four people there—the Sherstons, and two men. All four were on their feet, as though they'd sprung up in alarm at the sound of the Rover door.

One of the men was Charles Faulkner. But it wasn't on him that the gaze of Mellanby and Sally fixed itself in sudden, spine-chilling horror—it was on the other man.

For the other man was Keith Roscoe!

It was a shattering moment. Sally gave a cry and clutched at the side of the caravan for support. Mellanby stood as though rooted, his face stiff with horror and disbelief. It wasn't possible—it *couldn't* be. He'd actually seen Roscoe dead in the grave.

For a second or two, no word of any kind disturbed the tableau. Faulkner had taken off his glasses and was quietly polishing them. Sherston and Eve looked almost childishly self-conscious. Roscoe was staring at Mellanby.

It was he, turning on the others with the authority of leadership, who harshly broke the silence. "You damned fools! I thought you said they'd gone home."

Faulkner gave a faint shrug. "I watched them drive off. How could I know they would come back?"

"I guess we've had it, Keith," Sherston said.

Sally sat down on a hummock of grass, holding her head in her hands.

Mellanby looked round him in a dazed way. He could still scarcely believe it. Yet this big man, with the remembered voice and the trace of a scar still on his cheek, was undoubtedly Roscoe, in the flesh and formidably alive. He could never have been in the grave. He hadn't died.

As well as shock, Mellanby was feeling something else now. The final lifting of a giant weight. *Roscoe was alive.* The long, hideous nightmare was over. No more digging, no more racking anxiety, no more self-questioning.

But still incredulity lingered? How?

Roscoe said, in a mocking tone: "Maybe you'd like to pinch me!"

A deep, consuming anger took possession of Mellanby. It had been a plot, of course. The whole thing had been a diabolical conspiracy between these four from the beginning. The golden opportunity, the careful reconnaissance at his home, the "accidental" encounter with the caravan. . . . Roscoe's wolf act, the deliberate unpleasantness, the intolerable provocations—all leading up to the staged fight. . . . The planned removal of the "unconscious" man, the phoney death, the hasty burial. . . . The well-timed letter from Faulkner, leaving Mellanby no option but to settle. . . . Sherston's bogus confession when exposure loomed, his eagerness to move the non-existent body on his own. . . .

"You — *devils*!" Mellanby said softly.

"Oh, come," Sherston protested, "we're not as bad as that. Nobody's been really hurt, after all—and nobody's going to be. You don't have to have any anxiety on that score, Mellanby, even though you have found us out—we're not violent types. Only in fun—eh, Keith?"

"Only in fun," Roscoe said, with an uneasy smirk. "A few well-rehearsed punches and a self-inflicted scratch or so."

MELLANBY said: "It was monstrous. The most monstrously wicked thing I ever heard of." He broke off, and dropped down beside Sally. "Darling—are you all right?"

She raised her head and nodded. The colour was beginning to creep back into her cheeks. "I'm better now. . . ."

"Can I get you some water?"

"No, I'm all right. John, can't we go?"

"We will very soon," he said. He got up and faced them again. He had himself more under control now. "How did you do it, Sherston? How did you manage it? I *saw* you cover him up."

Sherston gave a feeble grin. "Not

—DACHSIE—

him, Mellanby. It was a window-dresser's dummy—one of our few props, sacrificed for the good of the cause. Four feet down, with a scratch mark on the cheek—it would have deceived anyone in the poor light."

"You were running some pretty big risks, weren't you?" Mellanby said. "Suppose I'd insisted on going to the police when I first saw the grave?"

Sherston grinned. "What? And invite a five-year jail sentence? It wasn't very likely, was it—not after the first shock? No one ever has!"

"You mean you've worked this before?"

SHERSTON'S grin broadened. "Well, there *are* one or two other chaps around who firmly believe they killed Roscoe in a fight—aren't there, Keith?"

"There are," Roscoe said. He had lit a cigarette and was beginning to look more at ease. "You're not the only sucker in the world, Mellanby. One born every minute, you know."

"You're very frank," Mellanby said.

"Well, old man," said Roscoe, "considering what you know about us already, there's not much point in being anything else, is there Not that we're in any real danger, mind you—you're not going to give us away."

"What makes you think that?"

"My dear fellow, what would you gain by it? Why should you ruin yourself?"

"Ruin myself?" Mellanby looked startled.

"Well, wouldn't you?" Roscoe said. "Aren't you a respected figure in Bath—prominent on committees, looked up to by everyone, wife with hosts of friends, growing children, socially welcomed—all that sort of thing? What do you think would happen if you told your story in court? Maybe you haven't thought what it would sound like?"

"I'd be able to explain everything," Mellanby said uncertainly. "The position I was in. It's not as though I committed any crime."

"A fat lot of good that would do you. You behaved as though you had. I tell you your name would stink. You'd be finished, Mellanby. And for what?"

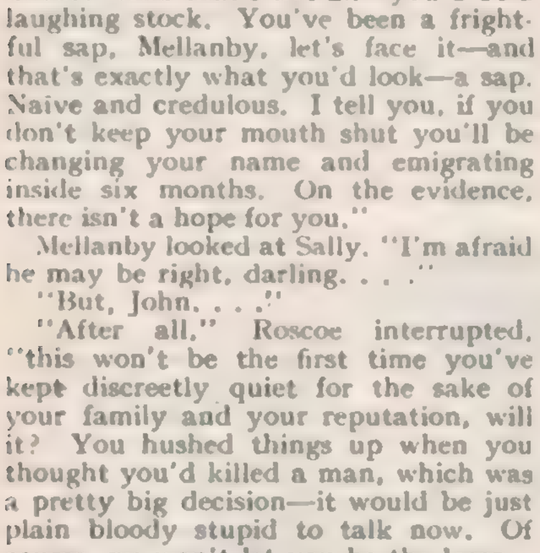
Mellanby mopped his damp forehead. "I suppose it wouldn't sound very nice. . . ."

"*Nice*!—it would sound bloody awful! And that's not all—you'd be a laughing stock. You've been a frightful sap, Mellanby, let's face it—and that's exactly what you'd look—a sap. Naive and credulous. I tell you, if you don't keep your mouth shut you'll be changing your name and emigrating inside six months. On the evidence, there isn't a hope for you."

Mellanby looked at Sally. "I'm afraid he may be right, darling. . . ."

"But, John. . . ."

"After all," Roscoe interrupted, "this won't be the first time you've kept discreetly quiet for the sake of your family and your reputation, will it? You hushed things up when you thought you'd killed a man, which was a pretty big decision—it would be just plain bloody stupid to talk now. Of course, we won't let you be the loser—you can have your seven thousand back. That goes without saying. You found us out, so it's only fair. Anyway, we want to make things easy for



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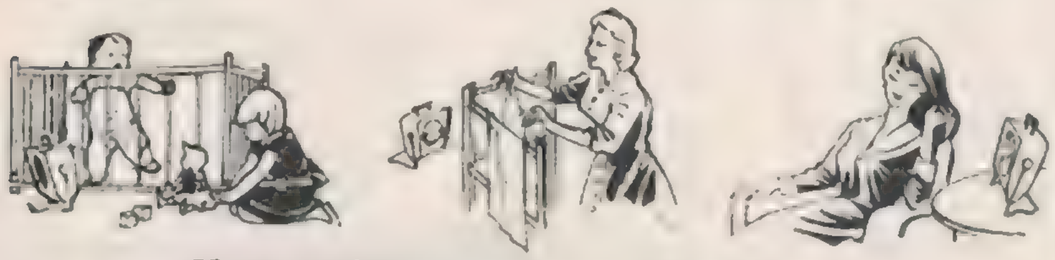

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The golden deed

continued from previous page

you." Roscoe looked around the watchful circle of conspirators. "All right with you, George? Eve? Charles?"

There were nods from each of them in turn.

"That's settled, then." Roscoe stepped over to the caravan and took out a cheque book and wrote out a cheque against the wall. "There you are—eight thousand pounds. A thousand extra for pain and suffering."

Mellanby looked at the cheque. "You think a thousand pounds covers what we've suffered."

Roscoe grinned. "I'd suffer a lot for that myself. It'll pay for a nice long cruise for the whole family, anyway—help you to get over things."

Mellanby hesitated. "If I do take it, it won't mean I condone anything you've done."

"You don't have to," Roscoe said. "Take it, you damned fool—and thank your stars that's the end of the business."

"Well." For a moment Mellanby still held back. Then, with a shrug, he took it. "It is my own, after all. And I don't see why I should wreck my life on account of a pack of scoundrels."

"*John*!" Sally said, in a voice of anguish.

Mellanby looked at her stonily. "Haven't we been through enough, Sally? Do we have to be pilloried as well? It's no good—I just can't stand any more trouble. Come on, let's go home and try to forget all about it."

He turned away before she could say more, and started to walk towards the car. Sally followed, a dejected pace behind. Mellanby dropped heavily into the driving seat. In silence, Sally took the seat beside him. The engine sprang to life. Mellanby stuck his head out of the window. "You *will* all be jailed in the end, I'm sure of that. Someone will get you. And, by God, you'll have deserved it."

He let in the clutch, and the car moved away up the slope. The last thing he saw in the driving mirror was Eve moving towards Roscoe, smiling. They were all smiling.

Sally was quiet till they reached the top of the hill. Then she suddenly exploded. "John, *stop*! We've got to talk."

With a readiness that surprised her, Mellanby swung the car off the track into the trees and turned the engine off. "What is it?"

"John—we've got to tell the police."

His face was expressionless. "You think so?"

"We've *got* to, darling. We were wrong to keep quiet before—I can see that now. I know it was all my fault, but we were *wrong*. We can't do it *again*. *Surely* you agree?"

Mellanby said quietly: "Of course I agree."

She stared. "But—you talked as though you didn't. You let them go on and on, persuading you. You took the cheque as though that settled it."

"I had to, Sally. If they'd had the slightest doubt about me, they'd have cleared off and got clean away. I had to make them feel absolutely sure and safe, so that they'd stay. That's all. I couldn't let you know, could I?"

"*Oh.*" Tears suddenly glistened in her eyes. Tears of relief. "Oh, I'm so glad. I didn't realize. I couldn't understand what was happening to you. You were so terribly convincing."

"Then with luck," Mellanby said grimly, "they *will* be there when the police come." His hand closed on Sally's. "It's going to be pretty tough for us, Sally—you do know that?"

"Yes, I know. Will it be as bad as Roscoe said?"

"Well—somehow I doubt it. Roscoe doesn't know much about decent people—they often don't behave the way you might expect."

"I don't think they'll put any flags out for us."

"No, they won't—but they may not actually throw things." Mellanby gave a rueful smile. "After all, there are worse things in the world than being a sap." He leaned forward and switched on the engine. "If I'm wrong—well, we'll just have to see it through."

"Yes, darling," Sally said. Her face was clear, her eyes untroubled. "We'll see it through. Oh, John, isn't it wonderful to have absolutely nothing to worry about!"

THE END

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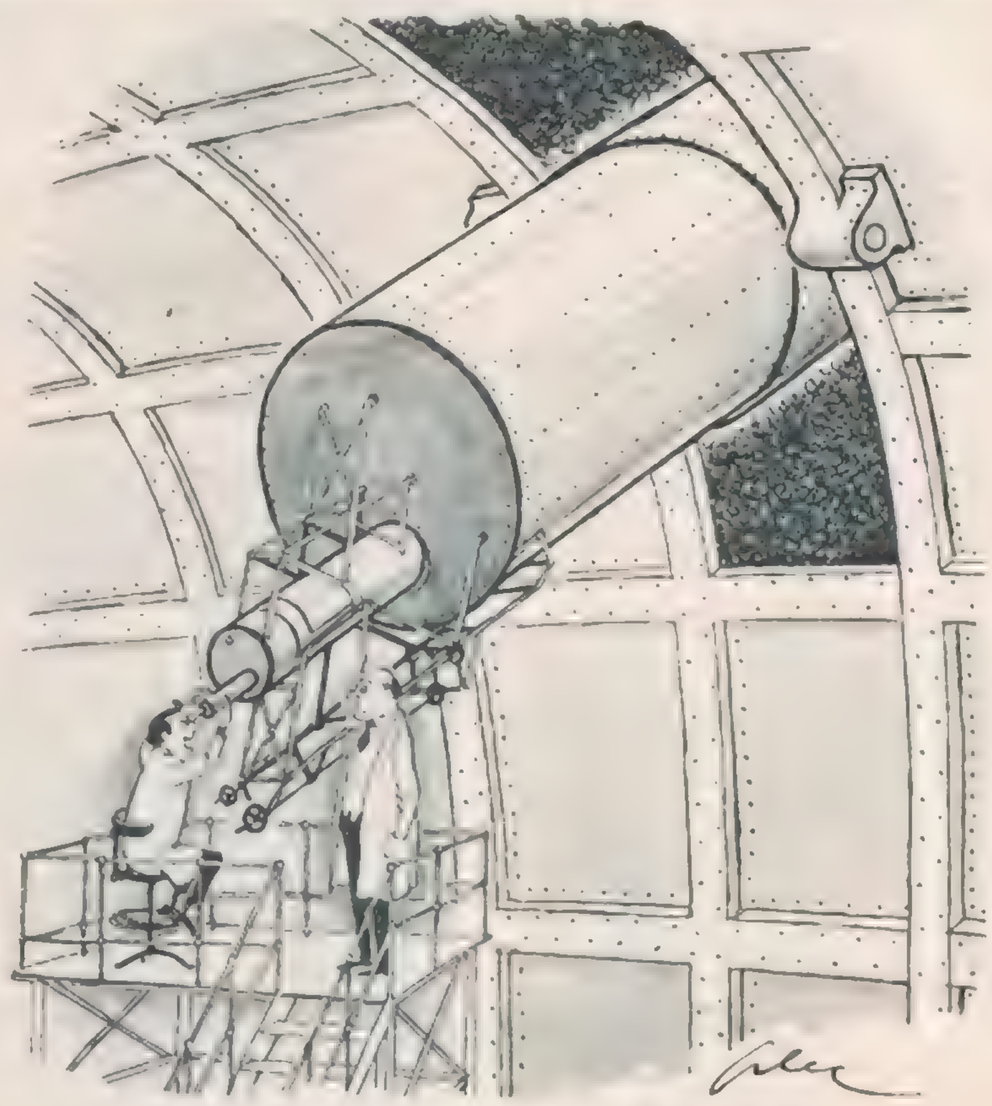
"The Golden Deed" will be published in book form by William Collins for the Crime Club early next year.



"By jove, there *is* life up there—and *what* life!"

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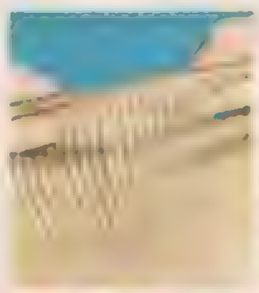

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Revenge

continued from page 14

one of her regular trips to Singapore and Hongkong. The ship berthed in Victoria Docks and Harry went ashore on leave. He had a suitcase with him. It was nearly Christmas and, in the suitcase, in addition to his personal things, he had presents which he was bringing home for his parents and his young brother and two sisters.

As luck would have it there was a big customs check that day. The preventive boys were going through everything. And in Harry's case, under the presents and his own gear, they found a packet containing a couple of pounds of Indian hemp.

Those were the scant facts of the matter. Nothing else ever came to light. Harry maintained that the dope must have been planted in his suitcase by someone else on the ship, someone who was hoping to collect it later on the right side of the dock gates. That was possible, too, because it is a well-known method of smuggling. Also, Harry was a boy of excellent character—there was plenty of testimony to that. But a careful investigation into the affair got nowhere at all. There remained the one indisputable and damning fact that Harry had been taking the stuff ashore. The court had no alternative but to send him down for it.

He got eighteen months. And, of course, it was the end of his hopes of a fine sea career.

But he couldn't leave the sea. When he came out he worked up and down the London River for a while, doing humble deck jobs here and there. He couldn't get anything even half-way decent. Not until he came and asked Mac for a job.

He got one, too, in spite of his record. For one thing, Mac liked the look of the boy. Also, Harry laid his cards on the table with a hard, downright frankness that pleased Mac a lot. Then again, the Esmeralda happened to be without a skipper—and barge skippers were difficult to find. Good ones, that is. Harry West was young and strong, capable and keen.

As usual, Mac added things up for himself and came to his own conclusion. "I'm going to take him on," he told me when he came aboard the Pride one day. "He's a boy that deserves another chance. I'm damn sure he never tried to run that stuff anyway."

I agreed with him; though it wouldn't have made any difference if I hadn't.

It soon began to look as though Mac had been as shrewd as usual. Harry West quickly proved himself. He was inclined to be a bit unsociable, but that was understandable, seeing the awkward position he was in. But nobody could say that he wasn't doing a first-rate job. In a matter of weeks he was handling the Esmeralda like a veteran. The barge began to make quicker and more profitable trips than she had ever done before.

Things went along very well indeed for quite a while. But then they started to go wrong. I never knew exactly when, because, of course, I was away at sea a lot of the time and didn't see a lot of Harry—or, for that matter, of Mac or Kathie either.

It was some little while, too, before I knew why. At first it simply seemed to me that Mac was trying the boy too hard. He'd given him a job, but that appeared to be as far as he was prepared to go. Mac treated the rest of us who worked for him more like friends than employees, but with Harry it was different. He did his job and got his money, and that was the end of it.

And then, suddenly, I discovered what the trouble was. I happened to go into the office one morning, and Kathie was there, and so was Harry. They were alone together and they didn't realize for a moment that anyone

continued on page 40

Poet in the Garden

Gardens in winter must be kept pin-neat.
Don't let the fallen leaves spell out defeat,
They hide pests and diseases, so keep going
Your brooms and bonfires. Pot bulbs should be showing
Pale noses; bring them slowly to the light.
Take care when watering, too much gives them blight.
Cyclamen now are budding. They detest
A draught, so keep them warm and screened, the best
Blossoms come from well-fed, pampered corms.
Watch for white fly. Their drifting sticky swarms
Invade and soon destroy all hope of bloom,
So let a cone of B.H.C. spell doom,
And smoke the pests out every other week.
A gardener never turns the other cheek.
Pests have no pity, so be ruthless, too,
Or else your buds and blossoms will be few.

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Revenge

continued from page 38

else had come in. Not that they were doing anything more than talking. At least, Kathie was talking and Harry was listening to her and looking at her. I didn't hear what Kathie was saying, because it was quite a shock to me to see the look on Harry's face. It told me as plainly as so many words that he, too, was in love with her.

That explained a lot. I knew that, if I'd discovered this, Mac must know about it, too. He never missed anything. And it certainly explained his attitude to Harry. Harry West as one of his skippers was one thing, but Harry West in love with his daughter was another, even if Kathie was going to marry someone else.

WELL, then there came that day when Mac snubbed Harry openly, when we went aboard the barge just after she'd come in. After that things went rapidly from bad to worse.

It was plain that Harry had taken the snub very badly indeed, and he grew more and more surly and withdrawn. He wouldn't have anything at all to do with the rest of us.

It was from Lassiter, my steward, that I first heard that Harry was drinking hard. Charlie Lassiter is a great picker-up of waterfront gossip, and it was he that told me that Harry was in the pubs every night when the Esmeralda was alongside between trips. He told me, too, that Harry was turning into a very mean and ugly customer when in drink.

That worried me. As I've said, I liked Harry West. And when we'd had the odd run ashore together in the early days he hadn't been like that at all. It looked as though he was going to the bad, and over something that wasn't his fault, that he simply couldn't help.

Then I began hearing things that sounded even more disquieting. Harry had given up drinking around at the various riverside pubs and was frequenting one to the exclusion of all the others. That one was the Brigantine, a decrepit beer-house in East Dock Road. The Brigantine was the haunt of half the loafers and wide boys and petty crooks of that part of the river. And the landlord was suspected of being a receiver of uncustomed goods.

The next rumour was that Harry was getting mixed up in the smuggling game himself. That was a big shock. It inevitably suggested that he could have been guilty the first time and that he was drifting back into the same racket.

By now I was worrying a lot, wondering what I could do about it. Somehow I felt responsible. I felt I ought to go to Mac with what I knew, and yet somehow I couldn't, because Mac had so plainly set his face against the boy. Mac was a fair man and he'd not sacked Harry yet. But I knew that at the merest whisper of anything to his discredit the lad would be out on his ear. And that, I felt, would have the makings of a real tragedy.

So—it was up to me.

I waited till we were both in the London River again, lying alongside the wharf. Then, one morning, I went aboard the barge. I told myself that I was solely concerned with the welfare of a boy called Harry West. But I knew there was more to it than that.

And I need not have bothered. As soon as he discovered what I was getting at Harry turned on me furiously.

"Why don't you mind your own damned business?" he shouted. "Leave me alone. You're all right, aren't you? Everything's coming your way."

He was trembling from head to foot. And there were tears in his eyes.

BACK I went to my ship and when I thought of what I'd tried to do, and the reception I'd got, and what was at stake for me as well as for Harry, my bitterness matched his. I was so shaken by the temptation to get rid of him—just a word to Mac would be enough—that it was almost more than I could do to fight it down.

Time passed. Harry cut me dead

NEXT WEEK'S STORIES John Salt's A FRIEND TO Thurman Warriner's **BRACEGIRDLE AND**

now whenever we met, which, thank God, wasn't often. I heard more rumours about him, and one of them was that he had now got himself mixed up with a man called Collins, who had been a deckhand in the Rothay at the time Harry had been serving in her himself. Collins had left her some time back—kicked off, they said—and since then had been loafing around the London docks, living on his wits. He'd more than once been in trouble with the police.

That looked very bad indeed and all but convinced me that Harry had to go. And yet still I hesitated.

And then, while I was dithering, the whole thing blew up in my face.

IT happened just after I'd got back from a trip up to the Tyne. I brought the Pride up-river on the evening tide and we berthed about eleven. I saw that the Esmeralda was in, lying in her usual place just astern of us.

I'd got cleaned up and Lassiter was just bringing my supper in when there was a hell of a commotion up on deck. Half a minute later Wilson, one of my crew, came down to tell me that Mossy Green, the old chap who worked for Harry as a "boy," had just come rushing aboard shouting that blue murder was being done on the barge.

I went up to see what it was all about. Mossy was in a devil of a state. He wasn't making much sense, but I managed to gather that two men had gone aboard the Esmeralda just a few minutes back. Harry had met them and taken them down to the cabin, where Mossy was getting ready to turn in. Harry had told Mossy to clear out and, as soon as Mossy was outside, shut the door and locked it. Mossy wondered what was in the wind and stayed there listening. He heard voices for a while and then all hell was let loose inside. It sounded as though somebody was being killed.

There was only one thing to do. Get over there fast. I grabbed Wilson and a couple of others who were still aboard and we went over to the Esmeralda at the double. We jumped aboard her and ran down to her cabin.

The door was still locked. Someone was moaning inside. Wilson and I got

POLITENESS—3

Politeness is better than logic. You can often persuade when you cannot convince.

H. W. Shaw

our shoulders to the door and broke it in.

A fantastic sight met our eyes. The barge's cabin was a dreary, poky little place lit by a single naked bulb. There was a man sprawled unconscious across one of the two bunks and another writhing on the floor.

Harry was standing by the stove. He was swaying on his feet and his eyes were staring. There was a wicked cut—a knife slash, it looked like—on the right side of his face. The right sleeve of his jacket was ripped from shoulder to elbow and blood was dripping from his fingers on to the floor. Under his foot was the handle of the knife.

I said: "Harry, for God's sake ——"

Harry suddenly pitched forward heavily on his face. . . .

I left the others there and got to the phone at the wharf gates as fast as I could. I called the police. Then I phoned Mac. I told him to get down to the barge as soon as he could. And I told him to bring Kathie down with him.

That was the end of it, apart from the sorting out. Harry told the story of that night, and what had led up to it, in a long session up at Mac's house the day after it happened. He'd already told it all to the police and now he told

THE CHILDREN

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Revenge

continued from previous page

it to Mac and me, with Kathie sitting very quiet in the background. He looked pale and exhausted and his right arm was in a sling, but they hadn't been able to keep him in hospital. And, in spite of what he'd been through, there was a new life about him and a new look in his eyes. Because that chip he'd had on his shoulder for so long wasn't there any more.

Then he was standing up in court, telling the story all over again. How bitter he'd been after the Rothay affair; how he'd never got over it, even after Mac had put him on his feet by giving him the job on the barge; how he'd tried to drown it in drink, ranging the river-side pubs.

One evening, in the Brigantine, he'd met an old shipmate, the man called Collins. And another man called Geer. He ran into them several times after that and eventually discovered they were in the smuggling game.

He guessed that it might have been Collins who had framed him when they were both in the Rothay. And he made up his mind that he was going to be revenged. Even if it hadn't been Collins, it didn't really matter. Collins was in the racket, and that was enough.

So he pretended that he wanted to get his own back on the law-abiding world that had put him away. He didn't have to pretend very hard. And then he hinted that he wouldn't mind running a bit of stuff in the Esmeralda.

Collins and his sleazy crony jumped at it. Someone with a barge was just the job. There were some watches they wanted to get over from Holland.

And so the Esmeralda, bound from Harwich down to London, met a Dutch coaster in the estuary and took the stuff aboard. Harry's end of it was easy. There was no one else on the barge except old Mossy, and he was asleep.

What happened then? Harry brought the barge up-river and the next night she lay at her usual berth. Collins and Geer were due to come aboard and collect. They were to handle the stuff from then on.

They came aboard and Harry took them below. He kicked Mossy out, shut and locked the door and put his broad back to it. Then he waded in to do what he'd planned all along; to exact his own vengeance on the two men in front of him before handing the stuff he'd taken off the coaster over to the police.

It was a queer, twisted way to do it—but an understandable way, in view of what had happened to Harry himself. The court reprimanded him for taking the law into his own hands, but they understood all right, too.

Not only that. Collins broke down in the box. He was obviously terrified of Harry. He came clean about the whole affair—and about what had happened previously on the Rothay. Harry's suspicions were proved correct. It was Collins who had planted the stuff in his suitcase.

Harry West left the court a vindicated man.

Now it is very late. I must go below. . . . I could have gone to the police, or to Mac, when I heard those rumours about Harry. It would have been the finish of him. The finish with Kathie. And I won't deny that I was sorely tempted because I loved her. . . . Loved her? I still love her, dearly.

But, once Harry West came along, I never had a chance any more. Oh, I tried to deny it to myself, but it wasn't any use. I'd only to see the way Kathie looked at him—that day, for example, when Mac snubbed him so cruelly. I'd only to hear the soft tones of her voice when she spoke about him. And . . .well, wouldn't I be the one to know better than anyone else just where Kathie's heart was set?

And so I couldn't speak against Harry—because of what it would have done to her.

And I am not sorry. Not in my heart. Kathie was down at the ship this afternoon and, when she left, she kissed me. I would rather have that one kiss than the whole of that other lifetime I might have had with her.

And so, though my stomach turns to water at the thought of it, I shall not feel bitter tomorrow when the organ swells into the "Wedding March" and Kathie comes down the aisle on Mac's arm. I'll just have to make sure I haven't lost the ring and can hand it over without fumbling, for Harry to put on her finger. THE END

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NEXT WEEK

THE MATING GAME

Lionel Davidson calls on Heather Jenner—and writes a scintillating article about the woman behind Britain's top marriage bureau

The bear-girl of Ayarpatti

continued from page 22

with a little food. A little milk, maybe."

"Not milk," Lambert said earnestly. "Use your head, man. What do you think she'd have been eating out in the wilds?" He began to tick off on his fingers. "Blackberries, perhaps. Wild blackberries. Then acorns, fresh from the tree. Then honey, wild brown Himalayan honey, in the comb."

The doctor shrugged. "I can't argue with you," he said. "Who would know better than the great hunter, Major Lambert, what the wild things eat?" His dark eyes wandered to the hills framed in the window. "Acorns? Yes. We can get those easily. Blackberries? A bit more difficult, but possible." He paused, and glanced at Lambert with an expressive lift of his slender hands. "But honey, my friend? Where can we get honey in the comb at a moment's notice?"

Lambert jumped up.

"I'll get you the honey," he said.

LAMBERT looked at his watch. Five o'clock. An hour of daylight left. He felt an oppressiveness under the tall trees he had never felt before. The lengthening shadows spurred him on, so that he could hear Partap Singh panting to keep up with him.

When they reached the grass-clad ridge he stopped. The forest lay behind them, and ahead stretched bare hills of rock and crag. He mopped his forehead. "It is hopeless," he said. "Let us go back."

"We have still time to search again in the valley," Partap Singh said.

Lambert looked down over the tall pines, listless in the breathless air, to the river. The gurgle of the rapids just reached his ears.

"We have already searched the valley," Lambert cried. He felt weariness creeping through his veins like a drug. After all, by now Chowdhury would have acquired the acorns and the berries. The child could do without the honey. "Let us go."

"*Sahib*," Partap Singh said softly, "you and I have hunted together for many years, and in those years we have learned all there is to know about each other.

"I know, *sahib*, that the life of this little girl is very important to you, and I know why. But *sahib*, her life is in the hands of fate, just as yours and mine are. It is not only because you and I are great hunters that we have escaped death so often. It is because our time had not come. In the same way, if this girl is to die, she will die. If she is to live, she will live.

"Just think, *sahib*, of the fate that brought the child's mother and father, with the baby clinging to the mother's breast, from Lucknow or Bareilly, or some distant place, on the long pilgrimage to the holy places up in the mountains of snow, only to die of hunger, or weariness, or disease, or all three. Think of the fate that brought the bear. . . ."

Perhaps Partap Singh was right, Lambert thought. After all, what else but fate had brought the bear to ease her aching teats upon a human child? What else but fate had brought her parents to their death at such a place, just when the bear had lost her own cub, as she must have done?

Partap Singh jumped up.

"Listen, *sahib*," he said.

Lambert cocked his head. "I hear only the sound of the water," he said.

"Listen," Partap Singh repeated.

From the dark trees below them to the right came a soft buzzing, like an aeroplane groping through high cloud. Lambert crammed his felt hat on his head.

"Bees!" he cried.

Quietly and quickly they went down towards the sound. . . .

When they got back to the hospital the lights were on and Doctor Chowdhury's office was empty. Lambert hurried down the long white corridor. Partap Singh followed, carrying the dripping comb in a piece of muslin. A trim Eurasian nurse met them as they turned a corner.

"Where is she?" Lambert asked breathlessly.

The nurse looked at him and from him to the dripping bundle in Partap Singh's hand.

"This way," she said.

They followed her back the way they had come. She stopped at a white door and knocked. There was a shuffling inside, then the door suddenly opened and Doctor Chowdhury looked out, his fingers to his lips.

The child lay small and brown and stiff on the white sheets on the bed. While she was drugged, they had bathed her, cut her hair and trimmed her ugly, dangerous nails. Her wrists and ankles were held by bands round the bed. A broad belt strapped her down around her tiny waist. The small dark head tossed restlessly from side to side and the black eyes glittered as if with fever. A plate of acorns and a plate of blackberries stood on the bedside table. The pillow around the tossing head was stained with purple juice.

Lambert glanced at the doctor. "Has she eaten?" he whispered.

Doctor Chowdhury slowly shook his head. "We are keeping her going with

---

POLITENESS—4

If we treat people too long with that pretended liking called politeness, we shall find it hard not to like them in the end.

Logan Pearsall Smith

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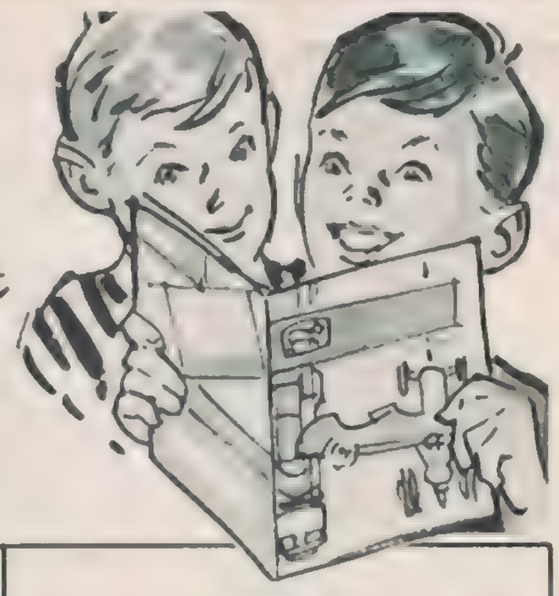

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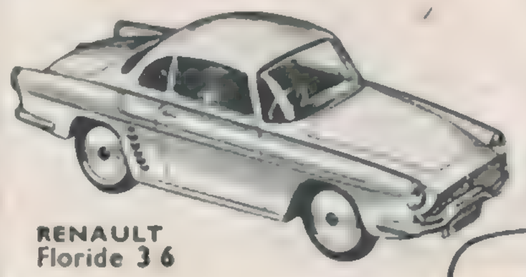
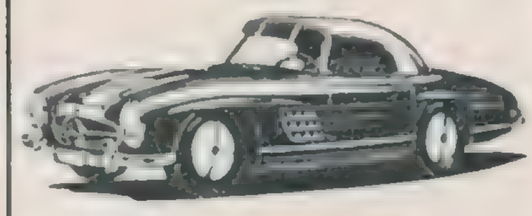
State Patrol Car 4 6



RENAULT
Floride 3 6



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LOTUS XI
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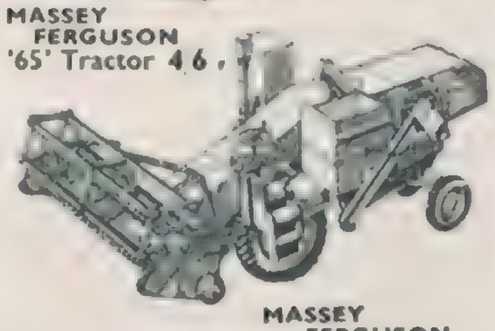

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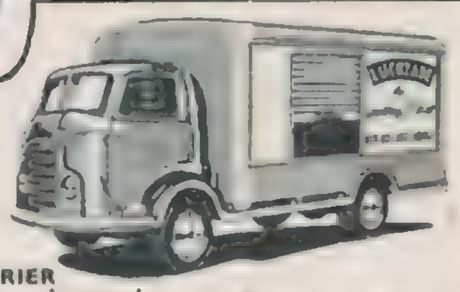

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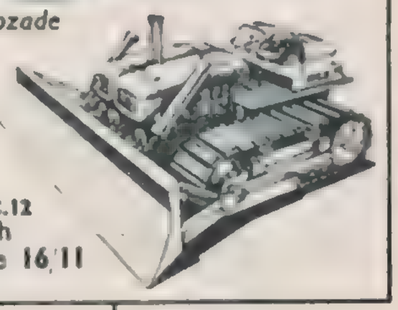

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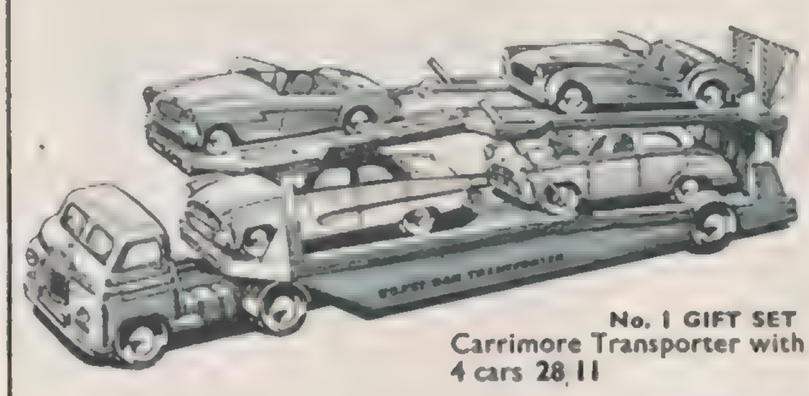

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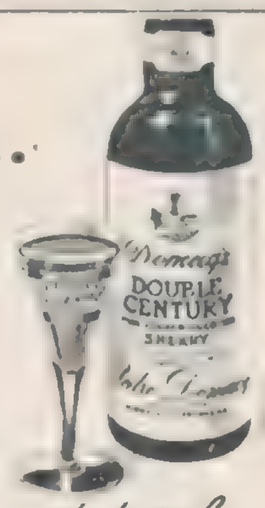

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"He's doing this on purpose because he wanted to go to the football match"

continued from previous page

intravenous injections. It is our only chance."

Lambert signalled to Partap Singh to put the honeycomb on the table. "Leave me and Partap Singh alone with her for a while," he said.

When the doctor and nurse had gone, Lambert picked up a piece of the dripping honeycomb and held it over the tiny parted lips. He moved it backwards and forwards with the tossing of the head. The child turned away at last and buried her face in the pillow. The dark brown honey dripped uselessly on to the white cloth. . . .

WHEN Partap Singh whispered: "*Sahib*, she sleeps!" Lambert looked up at the familiar dark face bending over him. He was surprised to see through the window behind Partap Singh's head that the sun was already rising. He looked down again at the pale brown face.

"Yes, she sleeps," he echoed softly.

Very slowly, he stood up, stretching his aching body.

"Go, friend, and fetch us some tea," he whispered.

Alone, he sat down again by the bed. In repose it was a beautiful little face. He thought of her as they had first found her, with her snarling lips and matted long hair and claws of hands.

Now even as he watched, the lips twitched almost in a smile, as if she were dreaming. . . .

He was so absorbed in watching her that he did not hear Partap Singh come in with the tea. The child's eyes fluttered open.

Then she turned and saw him, and his heart stopped when she did not cringe or snarl. With trembling hands he broke off a piece of the comb and held it to the fever-roughened lips. He felt the tears well up into his eyes as she sucked slowly at the brown sweetness.

And then, again, she closed her eyes. . . .

The doctor came, on tip-toe. He looked at Lambert's face, and at the sleeping child, and at Partap Singh stretched exhausted on the floor. He asked softly: "She has eaten?"

Lambert looked up at him.

"One piece of honeycomb," he said. Then he dropped his head on his arms and he, too, slept. . . .

Doctor Chowdhury silently unloosed the bands, and the canvas belt round the slender small body, and threw them into a corner of the room.

• • •

Lambert sat on the green lawn under the deodars in front of his red-roofed cottage, watching the child on the veranda. The climbing yellow roses on the stone pillars matched her clean dress. Partap Singh sat cross-legged on the grass beside him, contentedly chewing on the red *pan* in his mouth. The Eurasian nurse sat beside the child, with the picture book resting on the low green table.

"The people speak of a leopard in the Khosla valley," Partap Singh said. "It has already killed many cattle."

Lambert saw the nurse point to something in the book and mouth carefully the word DOG. The little girl looked up at her and her small lips imitated the sound.

"I have finished with hunting," Lambert said.

"The people will be full of dismay," Partap Singh said. "For years now they have looked to you to protect them."

The nurse was now pointing at Lambert, saying the same word over and over again. The little girl looked at him, her finger in her mouth.

"They will have to find another to help them," Lambert said. "After all, I am not the only one. There is Ram Dutt, the magistrate. He is a great hunter. Then there is Joshi, the forest officer. He has already killed a tiger for them."

PARTAP SINGH'S eyes followed Lambert's to rest on the little girl. "It is as you say, *sahib*," he said. "After all, there are others."

"Nurse Godfrey," Lambert called. "Bring her here to me." He said to Partap Singh, but he was still looking at the child: "Who would think it was only six months ago that we found her?"

The nurse jumped up, and hand-in-hand she and the child came and stood in front of Lambert's chair. The child's dark eyes were fixed on him.

Lambert took the book from the nurse's hand. He pointed to the picture.

"What's that?"

She took her fingers out of her mouth, and looked at the picture. "Dog," she said.

With a shout of laughter, Lambert picked her up and put her on his knee. Partap Singh spat a blob of crimson on the grass, then shamefacedly covered it with his naked foot.

Lambert prodded the tiny chest. "And you?" he asked.

The girl looked up at him. "Sarah," she said, then gurgled with delight.

Lambert looked over the shining black head at Partap Singh. When he spoke, his voice was trembling.

"So you understand now, old friend," he said, "why I no longer need to go to the mountains and forests to find my happiness?" THE END

© *Richard Busher, 1959*

Triumph in the west

continued from page 13

changed in Italy that we must readjust our thoughts! . . ."

Brooke's difficulty now was to overcome the suspicion of the American Chiefs of Staff who, as a result of the Prime Minister's over-enthusiastic plea for operations against Rhodes, were more convinced than ever that the British were trying to evade their D-Day commitments in favour of adventures in the eastern Mediterranean.

On November 1 Brooke wrote: "Found my table groaning with telegrams! A rushed briefing period, followed by a fairly long C.O.S. Cabinet meeting at 5.30 p.m. Now I am off to another 10.30 p.m. meeting. We are to discuss plans for another Combined Chiefs of Staff meeting. How I hate those meetings and how weary I am of them. . . .

"When I look at the Mediterranean I realize only too well how far I have failed. If only I had had sufficient force of character to swing those American Chiefs of Staff and make them see daylight, how different the war might be.

"We should have had the whole Balkans ablaze by this time and the war might have been finished in 1943.

"I blame myself, yet doubt whether it was humanly possible to alter the American point of view more than I succeeded in doing."

Meanwhile the C.I.G.S. and his colleagues prepared for an important conference at Cairo with their American opposite numbers, President Roosevelt, Churchill and Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek—the prelude to meeting Stalin at Teheran.

On November 11 Brooke wrote in his diary: "We are now getting near our departure for Cairo. I feel that we shall have a pretty serious set-to which may strain our relations with the Americans, but I am tired of seeing our strategy warped by their short-sightedness."

On November 14, two days before the surrender of the British garrison of Leros, the Prime Minister left for Malta in the battle cruiser Revenge. The President, in high spirits at the thought of meeting Stalin, had sailed from America on the previous morning with his Chiefs of Staff. Their conversation as they crossed the Atlantic turned on the trouble they expected from Churchill over alternatives to a second front and the need to secure for General Marshall the supreme command of all operations against Germany from the Channel to the Aegean.

Only in this way, they felt, could the British be stopped from evading their promise to invade France in 1944. Their allies' half-heartedness in the matter seemed proved by their refusal —communicated to them during the voyage by the Chiefs of Staff in London —to place their strategic bombing force in England under the commander of "Overlord," the code name for the invasion.

Changes of plan

It was against this background that at 1 a.m. on November 17 Brooke flew from Northolt for Malta.

"Arrived at 3 p.m.," he wrote. "I was met on the aerodrome by a guard of honour. Drove up to the palace, where I found Gort and Alexander and also Eisenhower. P.M. has not yet arrived. We passed his battleship and cruiser some way out to sea.

"P.M. arrived about 7.30 p.m., bringing with him Winant, Mrs. Vic Oliver, 'Pug,' Martin and Cunningham. Dined at 8.30 p.m. and afterwards much talking which kept us away from bed till after midnight. Dead tired. I am dropping off to sleep.

"November 18. Malta. It had been decided last night with the P.M. that we should have a meeting with him at 11 a.m. and that at 2 p.m. he should start off with Alex and me for Italy. This morning all plans were changed. First of all, the P.M. had a cold and, therefore, could not go to Italy; secondly, he wanted to have a talk with Alexander in the afternoon, therefore Alex and I could not start for Italy; and, thirdly, the President had wired that, in view of the fact that security

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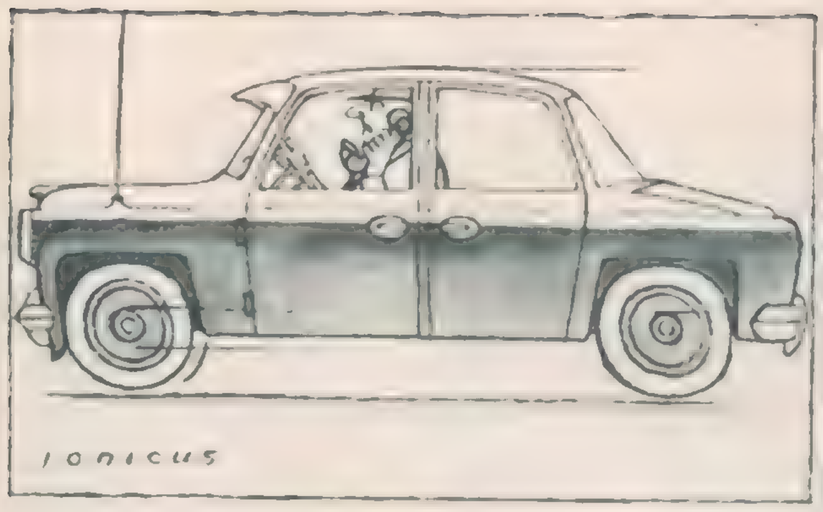
M22



"Mind the left-hand turn just before you get to Oldham . . . take care at the Chadderton roundabout . . . go easy when you get near Rochdale . . ."

continued from page 45

had been violated and the Germans had already published the fact that we were all meeting in Cairo, we should have to find another place. He suggested Khartoum. P.M. suggested Malta, and Gort was horrified at the thought of it. Wires flew in all directions, and I think that in the end we shall be going to Cairo.

"Had a talk of about one hour with Alex in the garden, which was good value. We then had our conference with the P.M. in bed, Chiefs of Staff, John Cunningham and Tedder. P.M. gave long tirade on evils of Americans and of our losses in the Aegean and Dalmatian coast. He was not at all at his best, and I feel nervous as to the line he may adopt at this conference. He is inclined to say to the Americans: 'All right, if you won't play with us in the Mediterranean, we won't play with you in the English Channel.' And if they say: 'All right, then we shall direct our main effort in the Pacific,' to reply: 'You are welcome to do so if you wish.' I do not think that such tactics will pay.

"Long military discussion at dinner and after dinner, which filled me with gloom.

"November 19. Malta and Cairo. Woke up to find it pouring with rain. We were informed that there would be no flying today and probably none tomorrow. This knocks my trip to Italy on the head. Meanwhile, no further news from the President as to whether he is prepared to stick to Cairo for our meeting.

"P.M. has now decided to go on by sea to Alexandria. Hope therefore to fly on to Cairo in his York, leaving here about 9 a.m.

"Later. When I came down for dinner I was informed that the P.M. had decided that, if no reply came in from Roosevelt before 10 p.m. (and he considered the chances a thousand to one against), he would stop on another night and would require his York aircraft to remain in Malta in case he required it. We had, therefore, arranged for a Dakota to take me on instead.

"However, during dinner a wire arrived stating President was prepared to go to Cairo, so P.M. decided to sail at 11.30 p.m. in H.M.S. Renown, and the York again became available for me. He was in very good form at dinner and finished up with a long dissertation on his postwar reconstruction ideas and his slogan of 'Food, House and Work for everyone.' After dinner he left to embark. Gort went with him.

"November 20. Cairo. At 9 a.m. there was a general exodus and farewell to Gort. Alexander was off to Bari, and Portal off to Tunis. I started for Cairo.

"I wish our conference was over. I despair of getting our American friends to have any strategic vision. Their drag on us has seriously affected our Mediterranean strategy and the whole conduct of the war. I blame myself for having failed to overcome their shortsighted views and allowed my better judgment to be affected by them. It would have been better to have resigned my appointment than to agree to any form of compromise.

"Later. At 3.30 p.m. we arrived on the aerodrome beyond Mena. 'Jumbo' Wilson and Adam were on the aerodrome to meet me and took me on to the villa which I am to live in with Dill, Portal, Cunningham. It is a villa outside Cairo on the way to Mena and belongs to some Egyptian princess. It is quite comfortable except for the plumbing, which is none too good and water seldom hot.

Dealing with Chiang

"November 21. Went to G.H.Q. to attend the intelligence conference. P.M. kept us up till after 1 a.m. We decided on the programme for the conference and are to start by dealing with Chiang Kai-shek, who has arrived with Madame. And then we shall start on our Mediterranean discussion. The whole progra is affected by Stalin's visit to Teheran and the necessity of meeting him there by a given date after concluding our talks here."

Brooke was to add after the war: "We should never have started our conference with Chiang; by doing so we were putting the cart before the horse. He had nothing to contribute towards the defeat of the Germans, and for the matter of that uncommonly little towards the defeat of the Japanese. Why the Americans attached such importance to Chiang I have never discovered. All he did for them was to lead them down a garden path to a Communist China."

On November 23 Brooke wrote in his diary: "At 11 a.m. we went to the President's villa for a meeting with Chiang Kai-shek. It was a historical meeting with the President, P.M., Harry Hopkins, Chiang Kai-shek, Madame, all the Chiefs of Staff, Dickie Mountbatten, Stilwell, Chennault, Carton de Wiart [Lieutenant-General Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart, V.C., the Prime Minister's representative at Chiang Kai-shek's headquarters] and a 'full house' of Chinese generals.

"I was very interested in the Chinese pair. The Generalissimo reminded me of a cross between a pinemarten and a ferret. A shrewd, foxy sort of face. Evidently with no grasp of war in its larger aspects, but determined to get the best of all bargains.

"Madame was a study in herself; a

Everybody's Puzzling

QUIZZLE

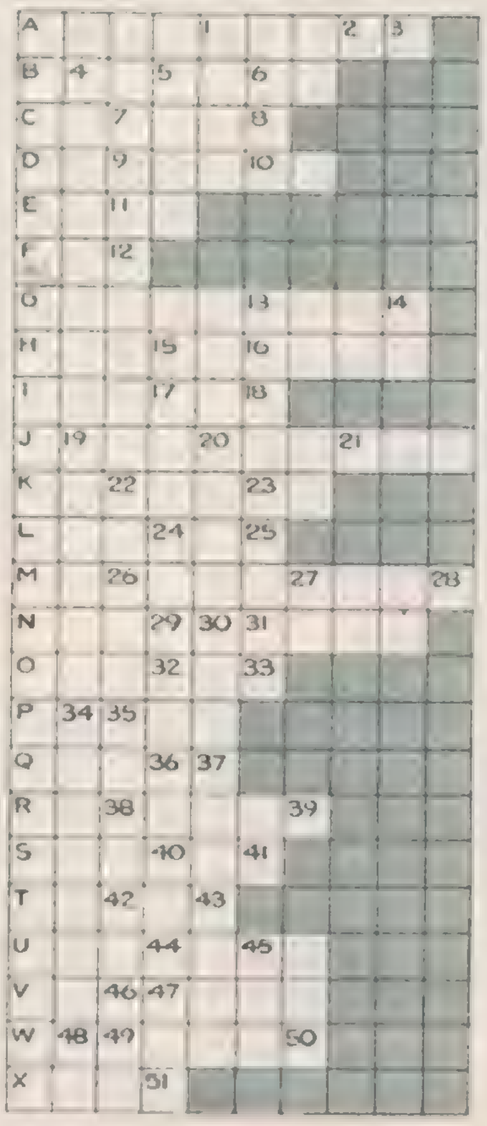
The letters in numbered squares, if placed in the small grid to the left of the puzzle in numerical sequence, will spell a well-known quotation and help to check your solutions.

CLUE DOWN

A. Suggesting that match-making is simply divine! (9, 3, 4, 2, 6).

CLUES ACROSS

A. Hirsute adornment.
B. Metallic poison.
C. Shade of green.
D. Italian stream fatefully crossed by Caesar in 49 B.C.
E. Religious portrait or image.
F. Arctic short-winged diving bird.
G. London borough whose Observatory is now at Herstmonceaux.
H. Associates or surroundings.
I. Spangle.
J. Absorb.
K. Name given to a fox.
L. Archimedes' ejaculation of discovery.
M. Cheshire salt town, near the R. Dane.
N. Vegetable with edible scales.
O. Laurel shrub, or girl's name.
P. Projecting edge of the roof.
Q. Norwegian dramatist, author of *Ghosts*.
R. To render void.
S. Man's name, associated with bullying.
T. Rejoice.
U. Obsolete.
V. Relentless blood-sucker.
W. Money given in token of a bargain.
X. Headland.



1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50
51									

BRAIN TEASER by Fred Borders

When young Tony Palmer started school last term his father gave him a certain sum of pocket money.

Each week Tony spent half of what he had in his pocket at the beginning of the week, and at the end of each week he received a shilling.

He started the sixth week with 2s. 6d.

How much did he have when he started the term?

NOW TURN TO PAGE 61 FOR THE ANSWERS

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BE A BETTER DRIVER

by GEORGE EYLES, *Chief Examiner of the Institute of Advanced Motorists*

It pays to coddle your car

THE only certain thing about our winter is its uncertainty. It is advisable to prepare the car for winter motoring at its worst, so that a completely crazy turn of weather will not leave you stranded.

Now is the time to give the car an intensive check-over. Every bit of equipment must be carefully examined and, if there is any suggestion of weakness, immediately replaced.

Tyres. On no account risk trying to get through the winter on well-worn tyres, however reduced may be your mileage.

Check over what might be described as the tyre accessories—the jack and wheelbrace—during your leisure time, in daylight, to see that they do their job properly. It is merely inconvenient if they do not work on a nice fine afternoon, but it can be disastrous when they don't in a lonely part of the country on a winter's night.

Tools. Check the tool kit and see that it is complete. The correct size spanner can make the difference between getting home and being stranded for hours.

Add a torch to the kit and make sure that you have some spare fuses and bulbs.

Brakes. The efficiency of brakes is of high importance at any time, but particularly in winter. It is vital that all your brakes should be properly balanced to provide a smooth, straight pull-up. Check the fluid levels and top them up if necessary.

Give it a bonus!

Battery. The battery will be working overtime for the next few months and must be in tip-top order if you want to avoid using the starting handle or calling on the neighbours for a push. Have it properly tested by a garage.

Renew any worn wiring. Check all bulbs, especially brake warning lights and trafficators.

Thoroughly clean and renew if necessary the windscreen wiper blades.

Engine. Change your oil to a thinner, winter grade. This not only benefits the engine in cold weather but is an aid to starting on cold mornings, particularly if you take the trouble to give the engine a few turns with the starting handle before switching on.

If you have no radiator muff or blind, a sheet of thick paper covering the lower half of the radiator helps warming up and combats freezing. A good safety heater placed underneath the sump will prevent dampness and condensation round the engine overnight, but the usefulness of this is greatly reduced if there are any draughts in the garage. So fill up the cracks and replace broken windows, if only with cardboard.

Anti-freeze. The use of anti-freeze is an insurance against a cracked cylinder block, but make absolutely certain that all water joints are tight and the hoses in good condition; otherwise the precious stuff is likely to seep away. Check the amount required for your particular car.

The Body. Body repairs are expensive and a major enemy is rust, so it will pay you handsomely to clean the body thoroughly on top and underneath, and apply an anti-rust agent wherever you find a spot or rust.

The Institute of Advanced Motorists is a non-profit-making organization, its object being to improve the standard of driving and the promotion of road safety. Its address is 21 Harrington Road, London, S.W.7.

Triumph in the west

continued from page 47

queer character in which sex and politics seemed to predominate, both being used to achieve her ends. Not good-looking, with a flat, Mongolian face with high cheekbones and a flat, turned-up nose with two large circular nostrils looking like two dark holes leading into her head. Jet-black hair, sallow complexion. She had certainly made the best of herself and was well turned out.

"A black satin dress with a yellow chrysanthemum pattern on it, a neat jacket, big black tulle bows at the back of her head and a black veil over her face, light-coloured stockings and black shoes with large brass nails, covering small feet. Tapered fingers playing with a long cigarette holder in which she smoked continuous cigarettes.

"The meeting was a slow one with everything interpreted by a Chinese general reinforced by Madame.

Heated meeting

"After lunch a meeting with Combined Chiefs of Staff which became somewhat heated, with King on the subject of the Andaman Islands and the possibility of landing-craft being diverted from this operation to the Aegean.

"At 8.30 p.m. the Chinese (general, admiral and air marshal) came in, and I had a desperate time with them to try and get them to speak. All they wanted to do was to listen, and, as we had nothing more to say except to argue with them and answer their questions, the meeting came to a standstill. We had to suggest that they should examine the plan a little deeper and return tomorrow, thus wasting more of our precious time."

The duel between Admiral King and Brooke earlier in the day had in fact been even more heated than the latter's diary suggests.

"Before we finished," wrote General Arnold, one of the American Chiefs of Staff, in his memoirs, "it became quite an open talk, with everybody throwing his cards on the table, face up."

"Brooke got nasty," Stilwell recorded, "and King got good and sore. King almost climbed over the table at Brooke. God, he was mad! I wish he had socked him. . . . 3.30 a.m. Chinese came. Terrible performance. They couldn't ask a question. Brooke was insulting. I helped them out . . . . Brooke fired questions and I batted them back."

"This very Chinese day," Brooke himself recalled after the war, "has remained rooted in my memory. I have never known whether Madame Chiang gatecrashed the morning's Plenary Meeting or whether she was actually invited.

"But it makes little difference, for I feel certain she would have turned up, whether invited or not. She was the only woman amongst a very large gathering of men and was determined to bring into action all the charms nature had blessed her with.

"Although not good looking, she certainly had a good figure which she knew how to display at its best. Gifted with great charm and gracefulness, every small movement of hers arrested and pleased the eye. For instance, at one critical moment her closely clinging black dress of black satin with golden chrysanthemums displayed a slit which exposed one of the most shapely of legs. This caused a rustle amongst some of those attending the conference, and I even thought I heard a suppressed neigh come from a group of the younger members!

"The trouble that lay behind all this was that we were left wondering whether we were dealing with Chiang or with Madame. Whenever Chiang spoke, his general duly interpreted the statement, but Madame rose to say in the most perfect English: "Excuse me, gentlemen, but the general has failed to convey to you the full meaning of the thoughts that the Generalissimo wishes to express. If you will allow me I shall put before you his real thoughts." I certainly felt that she was the leading spirit of the two, and that I would not trust her very far.

"As for Chiang, the Americans never saw through all his shortcomings, pinned their hopes on him and induced us to do the same. I often wonder how Marshall failed to realize what a broken reed Chiang was when he went to China just after the defeat of Japan."

Last-minute unity

Not till November 24—only three days before they were due to meet the Russians at Teheran—did the Western Allies turn to the all-important business of co-ordinating their campaign in the Mediterranean with the cross-Channel invasion they had provisionally scheduled for May. First through the mouth of the Prime Minister at the plenary meeting on the 24th and then, at the military conferences on the 25th and 26th through the chairman of their Chiefs of Staff, the British presented the case they had been preparing for the past month: that it would be madness, in order to adhere to an invasion date only intended as a general target, to throw away the chance of inflicting on the Germans in Italy and the Mediterranean the losses that had always been envisaged by the British Chiefs of Staff as the indispensable preliminary to a successful invasion of N.W. Europe.

On November 26 Brooke wrote: "A long C.O.S. meeting to decide line on which to work this afternoon. We had Commanders-in-Chief, Middle East, to hear their views about the Aegean operations. At 2.30 p.m. met the Americans and it was not long before Marshall and I had the father and mother of a row! We had to come to an 'off the record' meeting and then began to make some progress. In the end we had secured most of the points we were after.

"At 5 p.m. attended a tea party

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PITTENWEEM HARBOUR, FIFE: *Illustrated by Leonard Appelbee, A.R.C.A.*

The canny 'Folk of Fife'

The Kingdom of Fife, as tradition still calls it, was one of the seven independent Celtic provinces of ancient Alba. It is believed the Frisians gave it its name when settling there in the 4th century. To describe the land beyond its coast, they probably used the Jute word 'fibh', meaning forest, and pronounced 'fife'.

Pittenweem was one of its prosperous seaports which led James VI of Scotland (1st of England) to speak of Fife as 'a grey cloth mantle with a fringe of gold'. Thriving industries inland have gilded that grey mantle as well, and this charming little fishing port now wins great favour as a holiday resort.

Sir Walter Scott in his dedication to the Waverley Novels wrote of the peculiar independence of character of the Folk of Fife, and their shrewdness, subject of several Scots proverbs, explains why the little red Brooke Bond vans are seen so frequently in the Kingdom of Fife delivering—good tea and FRESH!

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Brooke Bond *GOOD TEA – AND FRESH!*

Triumph in the west

continued from page 49

given by Chiang Kai-shek and Madame, a dismal show. Very hot and stuffy room. Had some fifteen minutes' talk with him through an interpreter. He did not impress me much, but hard to tell at a meeting like that. Meanwhile Madame holding a court of admirers. The more I see of her, the less I like her."

This was the final afternoon of the Cairo talks. More than half the conference had been wasted in academic discussions about South-East Asia and China. But the Americans, when finally forced to discuss the matter, had proved less intransigent about the abandonment of the Italian campaign and the date of D-Day than the British had expected. Though they had refused to commit themselves until the Russians had been heard, they left their Allies with the impression that they no longer regarded their original datum-line of May 1 for the invasion of Normandy as sacrosanct.

Nevertheless, although the Americans had also abandoned their plan to hand over the entire direction of the war against Germany to a single supreme commander—in other words, to General Marshall—Brooke and his colleagues were far from happy about the impending conference with the Russians. Instead of the Western Allies meeting Stalin with an agreed plan, they were going to Teheran with unresolved aims.

It had been hard enough to agree on a realistic strategic policy with the Americans in the past; it was going to be far harder with the Russians at the conference table urging courses which, however immediately beneficial to themselves, might entail disaster for those who carried them out. Though she was still deploying larger forces against Germany than the United States, Britain after four years of war had nearly reached the end of her reserves of manpower. Henceforward she was bound to grow progressively weaker compared with America and Russia.

A week earlier, American troops and marines had landed at Makin and Tarawa; while in the past month, helped by the deflection of German reserves and the bulk of the Luftwaffe to the Mediterranean and the West, the Russians had advanced at one point to within a hundred miles of the old Polish frontier. If the two giants of East and West now joined hands in imposing a strategy of which Britain disapproved, it was going to be almost impossible to prevent them. And this was precisely what the American President and his military advisers were hoping to do.

"November 27. Teheran 1,300 miles. We had an early rise, and by 7 a.m. were moving down the runway for our take-off for Teheran. Our party consisted of Dill, Cunningham, Portal, 'Pug' Ismay and Boyle and secretaries. We were travelling in the new York designed for the Chiefs of Staff. Very comfortable. We arrived at Teheran a few minutes behind the P.M.

"We are not yet certain whether Stalin has arrived or not; according to rumours he is here. I am not looking forward to the next few days. The conference will be difficult and there is no saying where they may lead us to.

Heading for chaos

"Sunday, November 28. Had a quiet morning to make up for previous night's loss of sleep. Then spent an hour in the office prior to running a Chiefs of Staff meeting till lunch. We were worried with the whole situation. We have not got agreement with the Americans on the main points for discussion and it was evident that we were heading for chaos.

"P.M. has a throat and has practically lost his voice. He is not fit and consequently not in the best of moods.

"At 4 p.m. we went over to the Russian Embassy for our first plenary meeting. The following were present: Stalin, Roosevelt, Winston, Anthony Eden, Harry Hopkins, Molotov, Voroshilov, Dill, Portal, Cunningham, Leahy and King, 'Pug' Ismay, Boyle, Dean and three interpreters. Stalin turned up in his uniform of field marshal, but to my mind no more attractive than I thought him last time I saw him. Molotov looked almost saturnine.

"We all sat round a large round table. The President started off with an introductory statement which he followed up with a brief review of the war in the Pacific. To which Stalin replied that he much appreciated what we were doing in that theatre and that it was only the fact that the Germans fully engaged him that prevented him from co-operating with us. This was cheering news and implied Russian help as soon as Germany was defeated.

"The President then alluded to the Western Front and made a poor and not very helpful speech. From then onwards the conference went from bad to worse. Stalin replied by advocating cross-Channel operations at the expense of all else. Winston replied and was not at his best.

"We sat for three and a half hours and finished up the conference by confusing plans more than they ever have been before.

"November 29. Seven hours spent in conferences and six of them through interpreters! We started the morning with a staff meeting at 10.30, consisting of Leahy, Marshall, Voroshilov, Portal and myself. We spent three hours at it, and at the end were no farther advanced. Voroshilov's main theme was that the cross-Channel operation must have preference over all others, and that the date must remain May 1. In vain I argued that by closing operations in the Mediterranean German forces would be free to proceed to other theatres.

"At 3.30 p.m. we went over to the Russian Embassy to see Winston present the 'Stalingrad Sword' to Stalin. Bands, guards of honour, national anthems, etc. Speech by Winston after which he handed the sword over in the name of the King to Stalin. Stalin kissed the sword and handed it over to Voroshilov, who promptly dropped it out of its scabbard! However, finally it was handed over to the commander of the Russian guard of honour and marched off securely. Then photographs of the usual groups.

"We then sat down at 4 p.m. for another three hours' conference. Bad from beginning to end. Stalin meticulous with only two arguments — cross-Channel operation on May 1, also offensive in Southern France. Americans supported this view, quite

"Triumph in the West" by Arthur Bryant, is published as a book by Collins at 30s.

EVERYBODY'S CROSSWORD (No. 4)

by Leslie Stokes

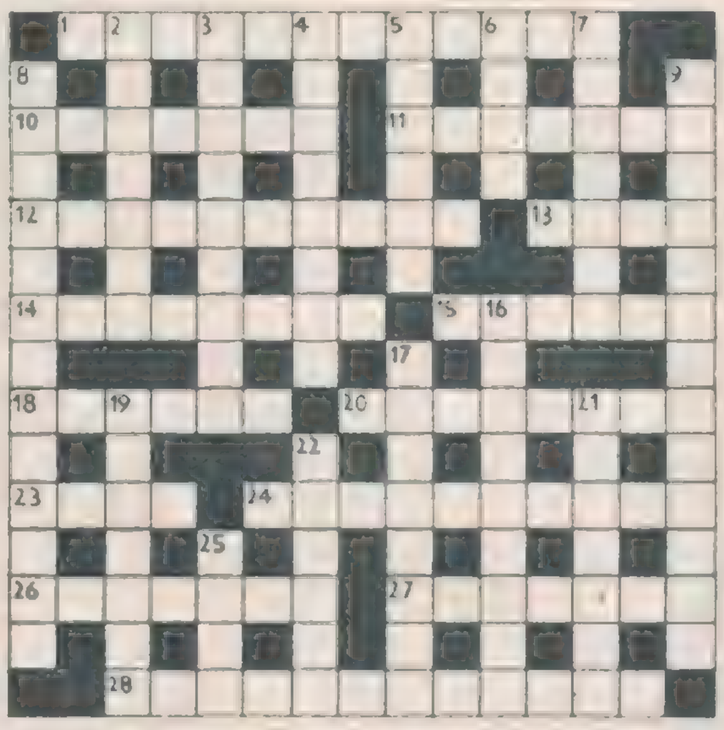
A prize of a one-guinea Book Token will be given for each of the first three correct solutions opened. Entries must be marked "Crossword No. 4" on the envelope and must be posted to reach this office (John Bull: Everybody's Weekly, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1) by Tuesday, December 8. No correspondence can be entered into about this puzzle.

ACROSS

1. Clearly involved in I-spy practice. (12)
10. Little Mata's vegetable bed? (7)
11. Beware of entrance to it, Polonius counselled Laertes. (7)
12. I'm their cat—if you can figure it out. (10)
13. Reasonable? Brunettes aren't. (4)
14. As most rackets are, sooner or later. (8)
15. Such energy comes from a cat, I see! (6)
18. This, however, concerns the dog. (6)
20. Gas Ulric for this sort of operation. (8)
23. St. Columba's isle. (4)
24. Set time for the main meal. (6, 4)
26. Borne by Anne Hathaway when her spouse was out of sorts? (3-4)
27. Sign of the Zodiac. (7)
28. Strange horses patter here. (The Valkyries' realm, maybe.) (12)

DOWN

2. Insects with influence? (7)
3. Cain's arch-sweetener. (9)
4. Not out finally. (2, 3, 3)
5. Free—in the accusative sense. (6)
6. I hurried to the country. (4)
7. Not a nautical weapon for the C.I.D., however. (7)
8. The play's the thing he assesses. (7, 6)



9. Of which even a bishop in office may be guilty sometimes. (8, 5)
16. Light attractive aircraft. (5-4)
17. Their tips turn up—on the dogs, mostly. (3-5)
19. Puzzle with a minus sign? (7)
21. It cleaves a hundred to one who makes a picking. (7)
22. Flower girl. (6)
25. The last carriage. (4)

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G&G

Triumph in the west

continued from previous page

unaware of the fact that it is already an impossibility. Finally decided that Americans and ourselves should have another meeting tomorrow with a view to arriving at some form of solution for our final plenary meeting at 4 p.m.

"After listening to the arguments put forward during the last two days I feel like entering a lunatic asylum or nursing-home . . . !"

When, at the end of the afternoon's plenary session on the 29th, the correlation of the Mediterranean campaign with the date of Overlord was referred to the Combined Chiefs of Staff, Stalin protested at such a matter being left to a mere military committee. But when next day, after a prolonged session with his British and American colleagues, Brooke reported their decisions to the heads of the three governments, the Russian dictator, as well as the President and Prime Minister, expressed profound satisfaction at what had been agreed.

Brooke's diary, written in the small hours of the following morning, indicates what was achieved.

"November 30. Got up with the feeling that we had an unpleasant day in front of us, but it did not turn out to be too bad after all. We began with an ordinary C.O.S. meeting at 8.45 a.m. This was followed by a Combined Chiefs of Staff meeting with the Americans at 9.30 a.m. Here we had a difficult time trying to arrive at some agreement which we could put before our Russian friends in the afternoon.

"After much argument we decided that the cross-Channel operation could be put off to June 1. This did not meet with all our requirements, but was arranged to fit in with the proposed Russian spring offensive. We also decided to stage what we could in the way of operations in Southern France. I pressed hard again to obtain the abandonment of the Andaman Islands attack so as to render more landing-craft available for the Mediterranean. Still same political difficulty with the President.

"At 12.30 we adjourned to see the P.M. and inform him of the results. Then lunch with our ambassador in the legation building. After that out for three-quarters of an hour's shopping in the curio shops near the gate of the legation.

Stalin's 'pretty' speech

"Then another talk with Winston before attending another plenary meeting, at which I gave out the results of our decisions and President, P.M. and Stalin made pretty speeches. Finished meeting by drafting military communique for the press. This finished up the first of our tripartite meetings with the Russians. One thing is quite clear: the more politicians you put together to settle the prosecution of the war, the longer you postpone its conclusion!"

Yet, though he had to concede much, the C.I.G.S. had achieved far more than he realized. During the three-quarters of an hour that morning in which his fellow Chiefs of Staff had considered the line they should take with their American colleagues, he had secured their agreement to the following:

That, in order to hold the Germans in Italy and prevent their reserves from being transferred to Russia, the Allied armies should continue their winter offensive until they had taken Rome and reached the Pisa-Rimini line, retaining for this purpose until the middle of January the sixty-eight tank-landing ships scheduled for return to England. That because of this the target date for Overlord should be postponed to the end of May.

That the time and scope of the suggested landing in the South of France—"Operation Anvil"—should be settled only when the amount of assault shipping available for it was known.

That commando forces alone should be used to assist the partisans in Yugoslavia and that no operations should be undertaken in the Eastern Mediterranean unless Turkey was prepared to enter the war; and that, in view of Stalin's announcement that Russia would attack Japan after the defeat of Germany, the Americans should be asked to drop the idea of an amphibious operation in the Indian Ocean in order to release landing craft for Anvil, which could otherwise only be staged on a single-division front.

To all these propositions, which Brooke now presented to the American Chiefs of Staff, the latter agreed, excepting only those relating to the Indian Ocean and Aegean which it was felt, for political reasons, would have to be referred back to the President and Prime Minister.

Winston's birthday

In the evening there was a grand dinner to round off the conference.

"We finished the day with a banquet in the legation building to celebrate Winston's sixty-ninth birthday. The guests consisted of President, Stalin, Molotov, Anthony Eden, Harry Hopkins, Harriman, Clark Kerr, Bullard, Voroshilov, all American Chiefs of Staff, all British Chiefs of Staff, Winant, Somervell, Randolph and Sarah Churchill, Roosevelt's son and son-in-law. One side, Winston sat with President on his right, on the other, Anthony, with Molotov on his right and Harry Hopkins on his left. On the centre of the table was a large cake with sixty-nine candles burning.

"We had not long been seated when the P.M. said that it was his birthday party; that we should dine in the Russian manner and that anybody that liked could propose a toast at any time during the meal. He, therefore, started off by proposing the health of the King, the President of the U.S.A. and President of the Union of Soviet Republics.

"Then speeches ran fast and furious without a stop. The President made a very nice speech alluding to his and my father having known each other when he and I were boys and then proposed my health. Stalin then chipped in and said that, as a result of this meeting and of having come to such unanimous agreement, he hoped that I should no longer look upon Russians with such suspicion, and that if I really got to know them I should find that they were quite good chaps!

"This was a most unexpected and uncalled-for attack. I could not let this accusation pass, so waited for a propitious moment to get up. It was rather nervous work considering what the audience was.

"I thanked the President for his very kind words which I assured him I had deeply appreciated. I then turned to Stalin, and reminded him that in the afternoon's conference (when we had been discussing cover plans and secret measures) the Prime Minister had said

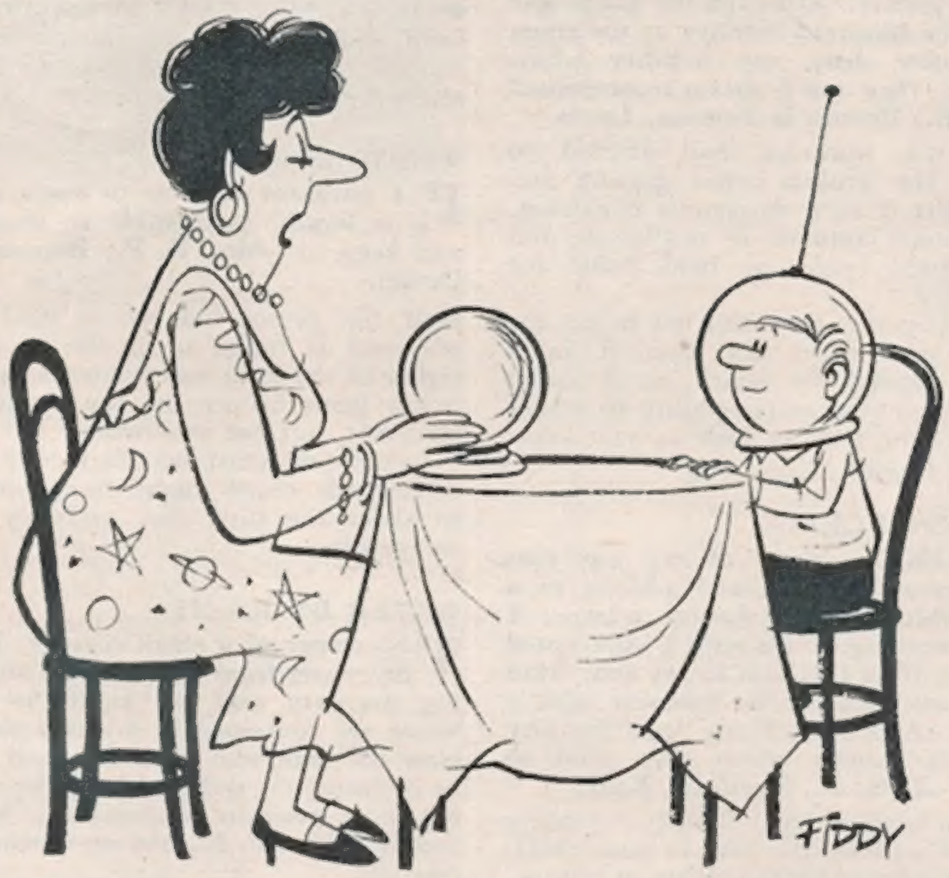
Answers to
Everybody's Puzzling
See page 47

FRED BORDERS'S BRAIN TEASER

The simplest method is to work out the answer backwards. If Tony started the sixth week with 2s. 6d. he must have ended the 5th week with 1s. 6d. Therefore he began the 5th week with 3s. He ended the 4th week with 3s. and began it with 4s.; ended the 3rd week with 3s. and began it with 6s.; ended the 2nd week with 5s. and began it with 10s.; ended the first week with 9s. and began it with 18s.

QUIZZLE

Quotation: There is a book who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts. (John Keble, *The Christian Year*).
Clue Down: Marriages are made in heaven.
Clues Across: (A) Moustache; (B) Arsenic; (C) Reseda; (D) Rubicon; (E) Icon; (F) Auk; (G) Greenwich; (H) Entourage; (I) Sequin; (J) Assimilate; (K) Reynard; (L) Eureka; (M) Middlewich; (N) Artichoke; (O) Daphne; (P) Eaves; (Q) Ibsen; (R) Nullify; (S) Hector; (T) Exult; (U) Archaic; (V) Vampire; (W) Earnest; (X) Ness.



"Ray-gun in hand, you step on to the moon's surface . . ."

that 'in war the truth must be accompanied by an escort of lies to ensure its security.' I reminded him that he himself had described how in all big offensives he produced masses of dummy tanks and aeroplanes on the fronts he was not going to attack, whilst he moved up forces quietly and under cover of darkness on the front of real attack.

"After four years of war and the continual cultivation of false appearances for the enemy, was it not possible that one's outward appearances might even deceive one's friends? I felt convinced that he must have been looking at the dummy aeroplanes and guns and had failed to observe the real and true friendship and comradeship which I felt towards him and all the Soviet forces.

"This went very well and met with some success. After dinner I returned to the attack and we finished the best of friends with a long handshake and almost with our arms round each other's necks!

"Stalin said that he liked the bold and soldier-like way in which I had spoken and the military strength of my voice. These were true military qualities that he liked and admired and that we were now on the best of terms; furthermore, that it must be remembered that some of the best friendships of this world were founded on original misunderstandings.

"It was a wonderful evening."

As Brooke recorded later:

"I found it a very nervous test getting up to reply to Stalin's toast in front of that audience. I had a very trying quarter of an hour preparing my reply, during which I would have given almost anything to go on remaining seated. I had, however, by then seen enough of Stalin during our Moscow visit to know that if I sat under his insults I was finished in his eyes for good and all and written off as spineless. Luckily by the the time I made my speech he had consumed a fair share of champagne, which he was not so well used to as vodka!

"There was one other episode which at the time may have seemed of little importance and, therefore, escaped being included in my diary. It still lives clearly in my mind and I might at this moment still be sitting in the legation dining-room—a room which I believe had originally been built by the Royal Engineers in Persian style. The Persian waiters were in blue and red liveries with white cotton gloves, the tips of the fingers of which hung limply and flapped about as they handed plates round.

"When we came to the sweet course the chef of the legation cuisine produced his trump card. It consisted of a base of ice a foot square and some four inches deep. The centre, a round hole of some three inches diameter, had been bored, and in this hole a religious nightlight had been inserted. Over the lamp and hole a perforated iron tube stood erect some ten inches over the ice. On the top of the tube a large plate had been secured with icing-sugar. On the plate rested a vast cream ice, whilst a small frieze of icing-sugar decorated the edge of the plate When lit up and carried in the total effect was beyond description.

"Two such edifices entered and proceeded solemnly round the table whilst each guest dug into the ice. I watched the tower approaching us carefully and noticed that the heat of the lamp had affected the block of ice that it rested in; the perforated iron tower had been affected by the melting away of its base. It was no longer perpendicular and by now looked more like the Tower of Pisa. The plate on top had assumed a rakish tilt; an accident was now inevitable. The ice by then was practically over Martin's head but sloping rapidly towards mine.

Ice-cream disaster

"I seized Somervell, my right-hand neighbour, and shouted to him to duck. We both buried our faces in our empty plates and only just in time. With the noise of an avalanche the whole wonderful construction slid over our heads and exploded in a clatter on the table between me and Berejkov. The unfortunate Berejkov was at that particular moment standing up interpreting a speech for Stalin and he came in for the full blast.

"He was splashed from his head to his feet, but I suppose it was as much as his life was worth to stop interpreting. In any case he carried on manfully whilst I sent for towels and, with the help of the Persian waiters, proceeded to mop him down.

"To this day I can still see large lumps of white ice-cream sitting on his shoes and melting over the edges and through the lace holes."

Thus the conference with the Russians ended.

It remained for the Western Allies to return to Cairo to finish their unfinished debates on the plans for the campaigns to which they had committed themselves.

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NEXT WEEK: The day Churchill shook his fist at Alanbrooke

TALLENT

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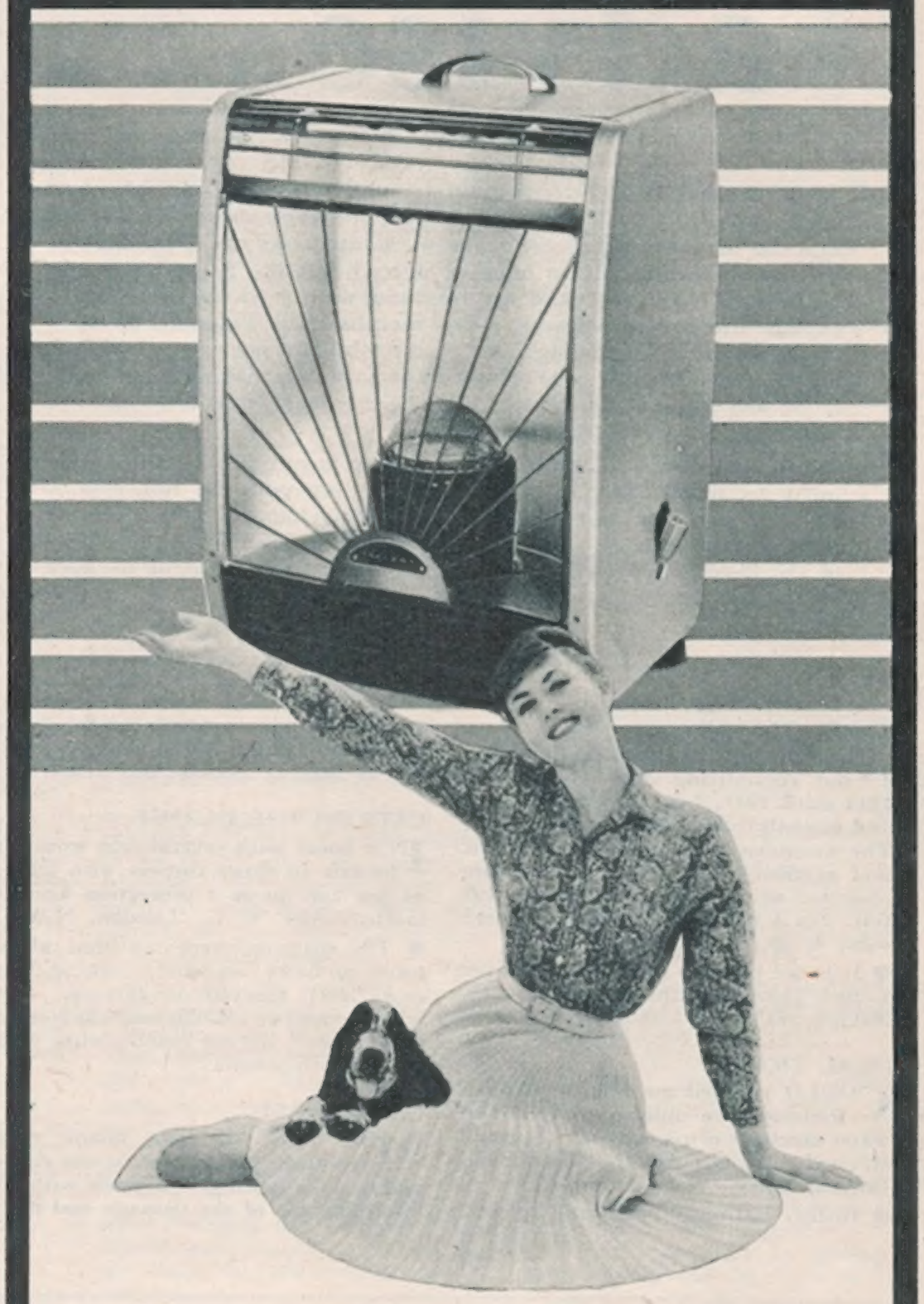

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Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to John Bull : Everybody's Weekly Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise . . .

MY husband and I decided to buy a scooter on hire-purchase and placed a deposit with the manager of a cycle shop. We did not sign the form offered as the make we wanted was not obtainable at the time. Within half an hour we agreed that the payments would be beyond our means and my husband went back to the shop to explain that we would wait a few months until we could afford a larger deposit. The manager returned the bulk of our original deposit but kept £4 which he now refuses to pay, saying that we were lucky to get any of the deposit back. Has he any legal right to do this?—Mrs. R. L. N., Farnborough, Hants.

● From the facts you state you appear to have made a valid agreement to buy a scooter and the fact that you did not sign a contract does not relieve you from the agreement. As the vendor is prepared to release you from it conditionally on his retaining part of the deposit, you will be advised to accept his terms or he may compel you to complete the purchase.

TESTY TESTER

ALTHOUGH I had been driving without committing one offence from 1911 until 1947, I let my licence lapse and recently had to take another test. The examiner's manner was pedantic and aggressive and I failed. If I am allocated to the same man at my next test, can I ask for another examiner?—H. R. B., Brighton.

● It is not possible for a learner-driver to pick and choose the examiner for his driving test.

MEAL TICKET?

COULD you tell me whether British Railways are obliged to feed and water chickens or pigeons sent by rail? What if there is a delay?—Miss A. H., Bolton, Lancs.

● British Railways undertake to feed and water all livestock accepted by them if the length of the journey necessitates this, or if there is a delay.

CATS ON THE CARPET

IN a house with several cats would it be safe to spray carpets with DDT, as one can do as a protection against moths?—Mrs. V. C., London, N.W.4.

● The manufacturers say that absolutely no harm can come to cats or dogs from DDT sprayed on carpets. You will also find on sale carpets which have been treated during manufacture with a safe moth-proofer.

GAS DAMAGE

MEN from the gas board were repairing my meters in the cellar and broke a grating. They left without informing me of the damage and next day my wife slipped through the grating, hurting her leg. She had two weeks in hospital and I was about £30 out of pocket. Although the gas people verbally admitted liability at the time, they now deny any liability whatsoever. How can I obtain recompense?—R. B., Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs.

● If the workmen had started to repair the broken cellar grating and then left it in a dangerous condition, this would amount to negligence and the board could be held liable for damages.

If, however, they had not begun the work you could not succeed in a claim against the board, as it would have been your responsibility to render the grating safe as soon as you knew it was broken.

MY SON'S DEALS

A SCHOOL friend of my son sent my son's name and address to a firm which deals in foreign stamps. I knew nothing of this until I intercepted a letter from this firm to my son. Had they any right to do business with a child? And have I any legal liability towards stamps which they send to him?—R. G. B., Dartford, Kent.

● You have no legal liability regarding stamps sent by the firm to your child. If they pressed for the return of stamps, you can inform them that you will oblige if they send the cost of postage and packing.

HOME FOR SALE

HAVING decided to sell my house, I placed it in the hands of an agent. I understand that I may appoint as many agents as I like, or take a private offer. However, I wish to be legally and morally in the right on any action I take.—W. J. S., Southall, Middlesex.

● There is nothing to prevent you putting the sale of your house in the hands of as many agents as you like.

Commission would be paid to the agent who introduces you to a client who is willing and able to pay the price you stated.

ON THE KNOCKER

I AM thinking of starting a door-to-door business selling fancy aprons and small children's dresses. Do I need any kind of licence?—B. H., Welling, Kent.

● If you wish to sell goods from door to door you will need a pedlar's licence. This is issued at your local police station and costs 5s.

CUT-PRICE FRIDGE

RECENTLY I bought a refrigerator which had been used as a demonstration model at a show. I got a reduction in price because of this—but have now been told that I needn't have paid purchase tax on this model. Is this so?—Mrs. M. D., Bicester, Oxon.

● As the refrigerator had not already been sold to anyone by the makers it was not second-hand and was, therefore, still subject to purchase tax.

WHOSE PHEASANT?

IF a pheasant flies on to one's land, is it legally permissible to shoot it and keep it?—Mrs. B. P., Barnstaple, Devon.

● If the person on whose land the pheasant is found owns the sporting rights of the land and holds an appropriate game licence, he can shoot the pheasant, but not otherwise.

In some circumstances, a farmer protecting his crops might be permitted to shoot the bird—but probably not to keep it.

WATER BY RIGHT

THE owner of a small cottage, I get my water from a well on an adjoining property and my rights to this water are contained in my title deeds. Now the man who owns the land says he is closing the well and I wonder what the legal position is about my water supply.—Mrs. F. L., Melton Constable, Norfolk.

● As you have an easement to draw water from your neighbour's well, he has no legal right to close it, unless he is prepared to meet the cost of having water piped direct to you.

TOY COPYRIGHT

I HOPE to illustrate a children's book which I am writing with my own photographs of a rubber toy. Is it legally necessary to obtain permission from the manufacturers of the toy before the book is published?—C. L., Beckenham, Kent.

● If the design of the toy (that is, the shape, form or ornamentation) is registered, the creator has the copyright of it. In this case you might be infringing his copyright by publishing pictures of the toy without his permission.

THE SEASON'S TERMS

THE cost of my season ticket comes to almost £14 and I find this quite a large sum to pay out all at once. Is there any organization that provides a hire-purchase service for season-ticket buyers?—Mrs. V. G., Berkhamstead, Herts.

● Deferred terms for season tickets can be arranged through the Railway Season Ticket Instalment Co., of 8 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2. They will send you details on request.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS keeps practical homelovers up to date

▶ **Moth-proofing spray:** An easy-to-use moth-proof spray, suitable for using on carpets, furnishing fabrics, clothing and furs, should prove a boon to the housewife. Items to be moth-proofed should first be brushed or cleaned, and then sprayed from a distance of 18 in. to 2 ft., making certain that seams and folds are penetrated.

After spraying, leave them to dry naturally.

The Hero moth-proofer contains an ingredient called Lindane, which comes to us from America and which has been specially designed to avoid staining and leaving white deposits on fabrics. The Hero moth-proofer costs 4s. 3d. for about 5 oz. The manufacturers are Proprietary Pressure Packages, Ltd., Ludgate House, 2 Ludgate Hill, Birmingham 3.

▶ **Choose your pattern:** Select a pattern and have it printed in your favourite colour combination on the furnishing fabric of your choice. This is the aim of the new individual furnishing scheme being run by Bernard Wardle. There is a pattern book showing twenty-five designs, any one of which can be printed on to any of the popular furnishing fabrics.

The minimum length will be 10 yards and the price will be about 45s. per yard. Pattern books can be seen in a number of selected stores throughout the country and, once the order has been placed, a sample yard of the colouring will be sent to the customer for approval before the complete order is printed. Delivery will be in two to three weeks, except for glazed chintz or sateen, which will take five to six weeks. By Bernard Wardle & Co., Ltd., Chinley, Stockport.

▶ **Adhesive for handymen:** A new contact adhesive, until recently available only to builders and shopfitters, has now been brought on to the domestic market. Simple to use (it may be brushed on), Tretobond 404 ensures an unbreakable bond which is unaffected by heat or moisture.

Suitable for sticking laminated plastics, a half-pint tin contains sufficient adhesive to bond 11 sq. ft. of laminated surface. Price 4s. 3d. per half-pint tin. By Tretol Associated Products, Ltd., The Hyde, London, N.W.9.

▶ **New sanding attachment:** Designed to fit all makes of electric drills, the Swirlaway sanding attachment works on a new principle, which overcomes such usual disadvantages as the drill "running away" and the scarring which results when it does this, and the necessity for using only part of the sanding disc.

A nylon-housed flexible ball joint, between the disc and the drill chuck, enables the whole of the disc to be used flat, achieving a sanding area of 10½ sq. in. Suitable for using on wood, plaster, fibre-glass and also various metals, the Swirlaway can be locked into a rigid position when doing narrow edges.

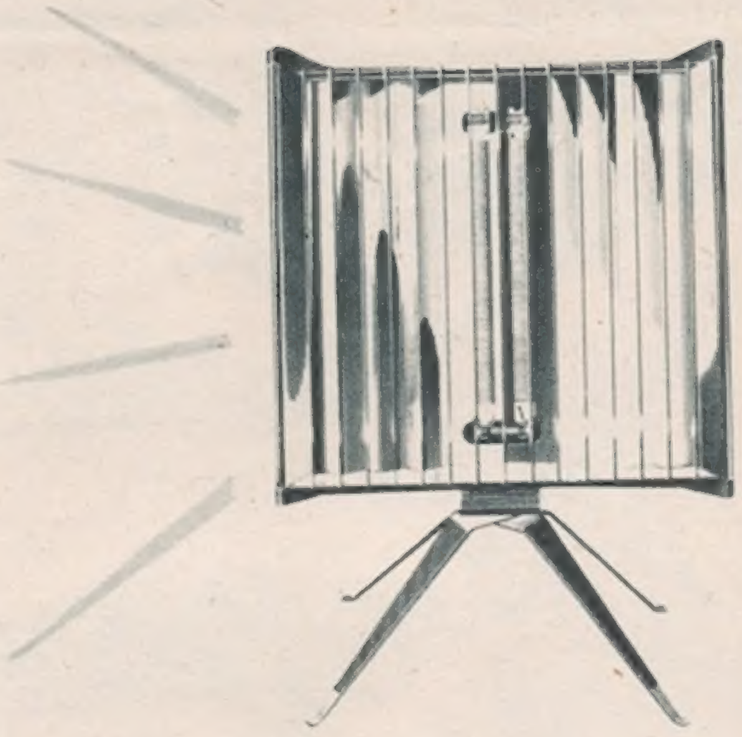
The pack, which consists of the ball-joint fitting, a rubber-faced metal disc, three 4-in. diameter aluminium oxide sanding discs and a white lambswool bonnet, costs 25s.

Aluminium oxide discs, silicon carbide discs and lambswool bonnets can be bought separately. By Stanley Works (G.B.), Ltd., Rutland Road, Sheffield 3.

▶ **Safety tip:** Never leave clothes airing in front of a fire which is not guarded, and avoid placing garments on top of a fireguard to "air for a few minutes." If you fit a British Standards guard to your fire, you will find that the sloping top makes this dangerous habit impossible.

▶ **Fibre-glass sink cleaner:** The well-known household cleanser Chemico has been recommended as being suitable for cleaning fibre-glass sinks, also for cleaning electric and gas cookers.

For warmth all round!



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